



2 June. Sculp.



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THE 1507/596
CONSTANT COUPLE:

OR, - A
TRIP to the JUBILEE.

A
COMEDY.

Acted at the
THEATRES ROYAL
IN
DRURY-LANE and COVENT-GARDEN.

THE NINTH EDITION.

WITH
A New SCENE added to the Part of WILDAIR;
AND
A New PROLOGUE.

By Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

*Sive favore tui, sive banc ego carmine famam;
Jure tibi grates, candide lector, ago.*

OVID. Trist. Lib. iv. Eleg. 10.

L O N D O N,
Printed for T. LOWNDES, T. CASLON,
W. NICOLL, and C. CORBETT.
MDCCLXVI.

THE
CONSTANT COUPLE

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A New PROLOGUE,

In A N S W E R to my very Good Friend, Mr.
Oldmixon; who, having Two PLAYS Damn'd
at the Old House, had a Mind to curry Favour,
to have a Third Damn'd at the New.

'TIS hard the Author of this PLAY in View,
Should be condemn'd, purely for pleasing you:
Charg'd with a Crime, which you, his Judges, own
Was only this, that he has Pleas'd the Town.
He touch'd no POET's Verse, nor DOCTOR's Bills:
No Foe to B——re, yet a Friend to Wills.
No Reputation stabb'd, by four Debate;
Nor had a Hand in Bankrupt Brisco's Fate:
And, as an Ease to's Tender Conscience, vows,
He's none of those that broke the t'other House:
In perfect Pity to their wretched Cheer,
Because his PLAY was Bad—he brought it here.
The dreadful Sin of Murder cries aloud;
And sure these Poets ne'er can hope for Good,
Who dipp'd their Barb'rous Pens in that poor House's Blood. }
'Twas Malice all: No Malice like to Theirs,
To write good PLAYS, purpose to starve the Play'rs.
To starve by's Wit, is still the Poet's Due;
But, here are Men, whose Wit is match'd by few; }
Their Wit both starves themselves, and others too.
Our PLAYS are Farce, because our House is cramm'd;
Their PLAYS all Good; For what? Because they're Damn'd.
Because we pleasure you, you call us Tools;
And 'cause you please yourselves, they call you Fools.
By their Good Nature, they are Wits true Blue;
And, Men of Breeding, by their Respect to you.
To engage the Fair, all other Means being lost,
They fright the Boxes with Old Shakespeare's GHOST:
The Ladies of such Spectres should take heed;
For, 'twas the DEVIL did raise the Ghost, indeed;
Their Case is hard, that such Despair can show; }
They've disoblig'd all Powers Above they know;
And now must have Recourse to Powers Below:
Let Shakespeare then lie still, Ghosts do no good;
The Fair are better pleas'd with Flesh and Blood:
What is't to them, to mind the Ancients Taste?
But, the Poor Folks are Mad, and I'm in Haste.

[Runs off.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

At DRURY-LANE, 1766.

Sir Harry Wildair, An airy Gentleman, affecting humorous Gaiety, and Freedom, in his Behaviour,	} Mr. Dodd.
Standard, A disbanded Colonel, brave and generous,	} Mr. Bensley.
Vizard, Outwardly pious, otherwise a great Debauchee, and villainous,	} Mr. Hurst.
Smuggler, An old Merchant,	Mr. Parsons.
Clincher, A pert London 'Prentice turned Beau, and affecting Travel,	} Mr. Yates.
Clincher, jun. His Brother, educated in the Country,	} Mr. King.
Dicky, His Man,	Mr. Vaughan.
Tom Errand, A Porter,	Mr. Clough.
Lurewell, A Lady of a jilting Temper, proceeding from a Resentment of her Wrongs from Men,	} Mrs. Dodd.
Lady Darling, An old Lady, Mother to Angelica,	} Mrs. Cross.
Angelica, A Woman of Honour,	Miss Plym.
Parly, Maid to Lurewell,	Mrs. Bennet.
Constable, Mob, Porter's Wife, Servants, &c.	

SCENE, LONDON.

At COVENT-GARDEN, 1765.

Sir Harry Wildair,	_____	Mr. Woodward.
Standard,	_____	Mr. Clarke.
Vizard,	_____	Mr. Hull.
Smuggler,	_____	Mr. Lewis.
Clincher,	_____	Mr. Shuter.
Clincher, jun.	_____	Mr. Bennet.
Dicky,	_____	Mr. Costello.
Tom Errand,	_____	Mr. Perry.
Lurewell,	_____	Mrs. Ward.
Lady Darling,	_____	Mrs. Copin.
Angelica,	_____	Mrs. Dyer.
Parly,	_____	Mrs. Pitt.



T H E CONSTANT COUPLE.

A C T I. S C E N E. *The Park.*

Enter Vizard, with a Letter, Servant following.

V I Z A R D.

ANGELICA send it back unopen'd! say you?
A *Serv.* As you see, Sir.
Viz. The Pride of these virtuous Womaen
is more unsufferable, than the Immodesty of
Prostitutes—After all my Encouragement, to
slight me thus!

Serv. She said, Sir, That imagining your Morals sincere, she gave you Access to her Conversation; but that your late Behaviour in her Company has convinc'd her, that your Love and Religion are both Hypocrisy, and that she believes your Letter, like yourself, fair on the Out-side, foul within; so sent it back unopen'd.

Viz. May Obstinacy guard her Beauty till Wrinkles bury it: then may Desire prevail to make her curse that untimely Pride her disappointed Age repents—I'll be reveng'd the very first Opportunity—Saw you the old Lady *Darling*, her Mother?

Serv. Yes, Sir, and she was pleas'd to say much in your Commendation.

Viz. That's my Cue—An Esteem grafted in old Age is hardly rooted out. Years stiffen their Opinions with their Bodies, and old Zeal is only to be cozen'd by young Hypocrisy—Run to the Lady *Lurewell's*, and know of her Maid, whether her Ladyship will be at Home this Evening; her Beauty is sufficient Cure for *Angelica's* Scorn.

[Exit Servant.]

[Viz. pulls out a Book, reads and walks about.]

8 *The CONSTANT COUPLE: Or,*

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. Ay, there's a Pattern for the young Men o' th' Times, at his *Meditation* so early; some Book of pious Ejaculations, I'm sure.

Viz. This *Hobbs* is an excellent Fellow! [*Aside.*] O Uncle *Smuggler*! to find you at this End o' th' Town is a Miracle.

Smug. I have seen a Miracle this Morning, indeed, Cousin *Vizard*.

Viz. What was it, pray Sir?

Smug. A Man at his Devotion so near the Court—I'm very glad, Boy, that you keep your Sanctity untainted in this infectious Place; the very Air of this Park is Heathenish, and every Man's Breath I meet, scents of Atheism.

Viz. Surely, Sir, some great Concern must bring you to this unsanctified End of the Town.

Smug. A very unsanctified Concern, truly, Cousin.

Viz. What is't?

Smug. A Law-suit, Boy—Shall I tell you?—My Ship, the *Swan*, is newly arriv'd from *St. Sebastian's*, laden with *Portugal Wines*: Now the impudent Rogue of a Tide-waiter has the Face to affirm, 'tis *French Wines* in *Spanish* Casks, and has indicted me upon the Statute—O Conscience, Conscience! These Tide-waiters and Surveyors plague us more with their *French Wines*, than the War did with the *French Privateers*—Ay, there's another Plague of the Nation—

Enter Colonel Standard.

A red Coat and Feather.

Viz. Colonel *Standard*, I'm your humble Servant.

Stand. May be not, Sir.

Viz. Why so?

Stand. Because—I'm disbanded.

Viz. How? broke!

Stand. This very Morning, in *Hyde-Park*, my brave Regiment, a Thousand Men, that look'd like Lions Yesterday, were scatter'd, and look'd as poor and simple as the Herd of Deer that graz'd beside 'em.

Smug. Tal, lal, deral, [*singing.*] I'll have a Bonfire this Night as high as the Monument.

Stand. A Bonfire! thou dry, wither'd Ill-nature; had not these brave Fellows Swords defended you, your House had been a Bonfire ere this about your Ears—Did we not venture our Lives, Sir?

Smug.

Smug. And did we not pay for your Lives, Sir?—
Venture your Lives! I'm sure we ventur'd our Money,
and that's Life and Soul to me—Sir, we'll maintain you
no longer.

Stand. Then your Wives shall, old *Aceon*: There are
five-and-thirty strapping Officers gone this Morning to
live upon free Quarters in the City.

Smug. O Lord! O Lord! I shall have a Son within
these nine Months born with a Leading-staff in his
Hand—Sir, you are—

Stand. What, Sir?

Smug. Sir, I say you are—

Stand. What, Sir?

Smug. Disbanded, Sir, that's all—I see my Lawyer
yonder. [Exit.

Viz. Sir, I'm very sorry for your Misfortune.

Stand. Why so? I don't come to borrow Money of
you; if you're my Friend, meet me this Evening at the
Rummer, I'll pay my Way, drink a Health to my King,
Prosperity to my Country, and away for *Hungary* To-
morrow Morning.

Viz. What! you won't leave us?

Stand. What! a Soldier stay here! to look like an old
Pair of Colours in *Westminster-Hall*, ragged and rusty!
No, no.

Viz. O, but you have good Friends, Colonel!

Stand. O, very good Friends! my Father's a Lord,
and my elder Brother a Beau.

Viz. But your Country may perhaps want your Sword
again.

Stand. Nay, for that Matter, let but a single Drum
beat up for Volunteers between *Ludgate* and *Charing-*
Cross, and I shall undoubtedly hear it at the Walls of *Buda*.

Viz. Come, come, Colonel, there are Ways of making
your Fortune at Home—Make your Addresses to the
Fair; you're a *Man of Honour* and Courage.

Stand. Ay, my Courage is like to do me wondrous
Service with the Fair—Had I us'd the Stratagem of a
certain Brother Colonel of mine, I might succeed.

Viz. What was it, pray?

Stand. Why, to save his pretty Face for the Women,
he always turn'd his Back upon the Enemy—He was a
Man of Honour for the Ladies.

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Viz. Come, come, the Loves of *Mars* and *Venus* will never fail; you must get a *Mistress*.

Stand. Prithee, no more on't—You have awaken'd a Thought, from which, and the Kingdom, I wou'd have stolen away at once—To be plain, I have a *Mistress*.

Viz. And she's cruel?

Stand. No.

Viz. Her Parents prevent your Happiness?

Stand. Nor that.

Viz. Then she has no Fortune?

Stand. A large one, Beauty to tempt all Mankind, and Virtue to beat off their Assaults. O *Vizard*! such a Creature—Heydey! Who the Devil have we here?

Viz. The Joy of the Play-house, and Life of the Park. [Enter Sir Harry Wildair, crosses the Stage singing, with Footmen after him.] Sir Harry Wildair newly come from Paris.

Stand. Sir Harry Wildair! Did not he make a Campaign in *Flanders* some three or four Years ago?

Viz. The same.

Stand. Why, he behav'd himself very bravely.

Viz. Why not? Dost think Bravery and Gaiety are inconsistent? He's a Gentleman of most happy Circumstances, born to a plentiful Estate, has had a genteel and easy Education, free from the Rigidity of Teachers, and Pedantry of Schools. His florid Constitution being never ruffled by Misfortune, nor stinted in its Pleasures, has render'd him entertaining to others, and easy to himself, as you shall see.

Enter Wildair

Wild. Ha! *Vizard*!

Viz. Sir Harry!

Wild. Who thought to find you out of the *Rubrick* so long? I thought thy Hypocrisy had been wedded to a Pulpit Cushion long ago—Sir, if I mistake not your Face, your Name is *Standard*.

Stand. Sir Harry, I'm your humble Servant.

Wild. Come, Gentlemen, the News, the News o' th' Town; for I'm just arriv'd.

Viz. Why, in the City-end o' th' Town we're playing the Knave to get Estates.

Stand. And in the Court-end, playing the Fool in spending 'em.

Wild.

A Trip to the JUBILEE. II

Wild. Just so in *Paris*; I'm glad we're grown so *modish*.

Viz. We are all so reform'd, that Gallantry is taken for Vice.

Stand. And Hypocrisy for Religion.

Wild. *A la mode de Paris* agen.

Viz. Not one Whore between *Ludgate* and *Aldgate*.

Stand. But ten Times more Cuckolds than ever.

Viz. Nothing like an Oath in the City.

Stand. That's a Mistake; for my *Major* swore a hundred and fifty last Night, to a *Merchant's* Wife in her Bed-chamber.

Wild. P'shaw, this is trifling; tell me News, Gentlemen. What Lord has lately broke his Fortune at the *Groom Porter's*? or his Heart at *Newmarket*, for the Loss of a Race? What Wife has been lately suing in *Doctors Commons* for *Alimony*? Or, what Daughter run away with her Father's *Valet*? What Beau gave the noblest Ball at the *Bath*, or had the finest Coach in the Ring? I want News, Gentlemen.

Stand. Faith, Sir, these are no News at all.

Viz. But pray, Sir *Harry*, tell us some News of your Travels.

Wild. With all my Heart—You must know then, I went over to *Amsterdam* in a *Dutch Ship*; I there had a *Dutch Whore* for five *Stivers*: I went from thence to *Landen*, where I was heartily drubb'd in the Battle with the But-end of a *Swiss* Musket. I thence went to *Paris*, where I had Half a Dozen Intrigues, bought Half a Dozen new Suits, fought a Couple of Duels, and here I am again in *Statu quo*.

Viz. But we heard that you design'd to make the *Tour* of *Italy*; what brought you back so soon?

Wild. That which brought you into the World, and may, perhaps, carry you out of it; a Woman.

Stand. What! Quit the Pleasures of Travel for a Woman!—

Wild. Ay, Colonel, for such a Woman! I had rather see her *Ruelle*, than the Palace of *Louis le Grand*: There's more Glory in her Smile than in the *Jubilee* at *Rome*, and I would rather kiss her Hand than the *Pope's* Toe.

Viz. You, Colonel, have been very lavish in the Beauty and Virtue of your *Mistress*; and Sir *Harry* here has been no less eloquent in the Praise of his: Now will

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I lay you both ten Guineas a-piece that neither of them is so pretty, so witty, or so virtuous, as mine.

Stand. 'Tis done.

Wild. I'll double the Stakes—But, Gentlemen, now I think on't, How shall we be resolv'd? For I know not where my *Mistress* may be found; she left *Paris* about a *Month* before me, and I had an Account—

Stand. How, Sir! Left *Paris* about a *Month* before you!

Wild. Yes, Sir, and I had an Account that she lodges somewhere about *St. James's*.

Viz. How, somewhere about *St. James's*, say you?

Wild. Ay, Sir! But I know not where, and, perhaps, may'nt find her this Fortnight.

Stand. Her Name, pray, Sir *Harry*?

Viz. Ay, ay! her Name? Perhaps we know her.

Wild. Her Name! Ay,—She has the softest, whitest Hand, that ever was made of Flesh and Blood; her Lips so balmy sweet.

Stand. But her Name, Sir?

Wild. Then her Neck and Breast—

Viz. But her Name, Sir, her Quality?

Wild. Then her Shape, Colonel.

Stand. But her Name I want, Sir?

Wild. Then her Eyes, *Vizard*.

Stand. P'shaw, Sir *Harry*, her Name, or nothing?

Wild. Then if you must have it, she's call'd the Lady — But then her Foot, Gentlemen, she dances to a *Miracle*. *Vizard*, you have certainly lost your Wager.

Viz. Why you have lost your Senses; we shall never discover the Picture, unless you subscribe the Name.

Wild. Then her Name is *Lurewell*.

Stand. 'Sdeath, My *Mistress*.

Viz. My *Mistress*, by *Jupiter*.

Wild. Do you know her, Gentlemen?

Stand. I have seen her, Sir.

Wild. Canst tell where she lodges? Tell me, dear Colonel.

Stand. Your humble Servant, Sir. [Exit *Stand*.]

Wild. Nay, hold, Colonel, I'll follow you, and will know. [Runs out.]

Viz. The Lady *Lurewell* his *Mistress*! He loves her. But she loves me—But he's a Baronet, and I plain *Vizard*; he has a Coach and Six, and I walk on Foot; I was bred in *London*, and he in *Paris*—That very Circum-
stance

stance has murder'd me—Then some Stratagem must be laid to divert his Pretensions.

Re-enter Wildair.

Wild. Prithee, *Dick*, What makes the Colonel so out of Humour?

Viz. Because he's out of Pay, I suppose.

Wild. 'Slife that's true; I was beginning to mistrust some Rivalship in the Case.

Viz. And suppose there were, you know the Colonel can fight, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. Fight! P'shaw, but he can't dance, ha! We contend for a Woman, *Vizard*! 'Slife Man, if Ladies were to be gain'd by Sword and Pistol only, what the Devil should all the Beaux do?

Viz. I'll try him farther [*Aside.*] But wou'd not you, Sir *Harry*, fight for this Woman you so admire?

Wild. Fight! Let me consider. I love her, that's true—but then I love honest Sir *Harry Wildair* better. The Lady *Lurewell* is divinely charming—right—but then a Thrust i' th' Guts, or a *Middlesex Jury*, is as ugly as the Devil.—

Viz. Ay, Sir *Harry*! 'Twere a dangerous Cast for a Beau Baronet to be tried by a Parcel of greasy, grumbling, bartering Boobies, who wou'd hang you purely because you're a Gentleman.

Wild. Ay! But on t'other Hand, I have Money enough to bribe the Rogues with: So, upon mature Deliberation, I wou'd fight for her—But no more of her; Prithee, *Vizard*, can't you recommend a Friend to a pretty *Mistress* by the by, till I can find my own? You have Store, I'm sure; you cunning poaching Dogs make surer Game than we that hunt open and fair. Prithee now, good *Vizard*.

Viz. Let me consider a little—New Love and Revenge inspire my Politicks. [*Aside.*]

[*Pauses, whilst Sir Harry walks singing.*]

Wild. P'shaw! Thou'rt as long a studying for a new *Mistress*, as a Drawer is piercing a new Pipe.

Viz. I design a new Pipe for you, and wholesome Wine; you'll therefore bear a little Expectation.

Wild. Ha! Say'st thou, dear *Vizard*?

Viz. A Girl of sixteen, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. Now sixteen thousand Blessings light on thee.

Viz. Pretty and witty.

Wild.

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Wild. Ay, ay! But her Name, *Vizard*?

Viz. Her Name! Yes—She has the softest, whitest Hand that ever was made of Flesh and Blood, her Lips so balmy sweet.

Wild. Well, well! But where shall I find her, Man?

Viz. Find her—But then her Foot, Sir *Harry*: She dances to a Miracle.

Wild. Prithee don't distract me.

Viz. Well then! You must know, that this Lady is the Curiosity and Ambition of the Town; her Name's *Angelica*. She that passes for her Mother is a private Bawd, and call'd the Lady *Darling*: She goes for a *Baronet's* Lady, (no Disparagement to your Honour, Sir *Harry*,) I assure you.

Wild. P'shaw, hang my Honour; but what Street, what House?

Viz. Not so fast, Sir *Harry*; you must have my Passport for your Admittance, and you'll find my Recommendation, in a Line or two, will procure you very civil Entertainment; I suppose twenty or thirty Pieces, handsomely plac'd, will gain the Point.

Wild. Thou dearest Friend to a Man in Necessity—Here, Sirrah, order my Coach about to *St. James's*, I'll walk a-cross the Park. [To his Servant.

Enter Clincher, senior.

Clinch. Here, Sirrah, order my Coach about to *St. James's*, I'll walk a-cross the Park too—Mr. *Vizard*, your most devoted—Sir, [to *Wildair*] I admire the Mode of your Shoulder-knot; methinks it hangs very emphatically, and carries an Air of Travel in it; your Sword-knot too is most ornamentally *Modish*, and bears a *Foreign Mien*. Gentlemen, my Brother is just arriv'd in Town, so that being upon the Wing to kiss his Hands, I hope you'll pardon this abrupt Departure of, Gentlemen, your most devoted, and most faithful humble Servant.

Wild. Prithee, dost know him?

Viz. Know him! Why 'tis *Clincher*, who was Apprentice to my Uncle *Smuggler*, the Merchant in the City.

Wild. What makes him so gay?

Viz. Why, he's in Mourning for his Father; the kind old Man in *Hertfordshire* t'other Day broke his Neck a Fox-hunting; the Son, upon the News, has broke his Indentures, whipp'd from behind the Counter into the Side-

Side-box, forswears Merchandize, where he must live by Cheating; and usurps Gentility, where he may die by Raking. He keeps his Coach, and Liveries, *Brace of Geldings, Leash of Mistresses*, talks of nothing but Wines, Intrigues, Plays, Fashions, and going to the *Jubilee*.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! How many Pound of Pulvil must the Fellow use in sweetening himself from the Smell of Hops and Tobacco? Faugh!—But now for *Angelica*, that's her Name; we'll to the Princess's Chocolate-house, where you shall write my Pass-port. *Allons.* [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *Lady Lurewell's Lodgings.*

Lurewell, and her Maid Parly.

Lurewell. *Parly*, my Pocket-book—let me see—*Madrid, Venice, Paris, London*—Ah, *London*! They may talk what they will of the hot Countries, but I find Love most fruitful under this Climate—In a Month's Space have I gain'd—let me see, *Imprimis, Colonel Standard*:

Parly. And how will your Ladyship manage him?

Lure. As all Soldiers should be manag'd; he shall serve me till I gain my Ends, then I disband him.

Par. But he loves you, *Madam*.

Lure. Therefore I scorn him; I hate all that don't love me, and slight all that do: Would his whole de-luding Sex admir'd me, thus would I slight them all. My virgin and unwary Innocence was wrong'd by faith-*less Man*; but now glance Eyes, plot Brain, dissemble Face, lie Tongue, and be a second *Eve* to tempt, se-duce, and damn the treacherous Kind—Let me survey my Captives—The *Colonel* leads the Van. Next Mr. *Vizard*, he courts me out of the *Practice of Piety*, there-fore is a Hypocrite: Then *Clincher*, he adores me with *Orangery*, and is consequently a Fool: Then my old Merchant, Alderman *Smuggler*, he is a Compound of both—Out of which Medley of Lovers, if I don't make good Diversion—What d'ye think, *Parly*?

Par. I think, *Madam*, I'm like to be very virtuous in your Service, if you teach me all those Tricks that you use to your Lovers.

Lure. You're a Fool, Child; observe this, that tho' a Woman swear, forswear, lie, dissemble, back-bite, be proud,

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proud, vain, malicious, any thing, if she secures the main Chance, she's still Virtuous, that's a Maxim.

Par. I can't be persuaded tho', Madam, but that you really lov'd Sir Harry Wildair in Paris.

Lure. Of all the Lovers I ever had, he was my greatest Plague, for I could never make him uneasy; I left him involv'd in a Duel upon my Account, I long to know whether the Fop be kill'd or not.

Enter Standard.

O Lord, no sooner talk of Killing, but the Soldier is conjur'd up; you're upon hard Duty, Colonel, to serve your King, your Country, and a *Mistress* too.

Stand. The latter, I must confess, is the harder; for in War, Madam, we can be reliev'd in our Duty; but, in Love, who would take our Post is our Enemy: Emulation in Glory is transporting, but Rivals here intolerable.

Lure. Those that bear away the Prize in the Field, should boast the same Success in the Bed-chamber; and, I think, considering the Weakness of our Sex, we should make those our Companions, who can be our Champions.

Stand. I once, Madam, hop'd the Honour of defending you from all Injuries, through a Title to your lovely Person; but now my Love must attend my Fortune: This Commission, Madam, was my Passport to the Fair; adding a Nobleness to my Passion, it stamp'd a Value on my Love; 'twas once the Life of Honour, but now its Winding-sheet; and, with it, must my Love be bury'd.

Par. What! Disbanded, Colonel?

Stand. Yes, Mrs. Parly.

Par. Faugh, the nauseous Fellow, he stinks of Poverty already. [*Aside.*

Lure. His Misfortune troubles me, 'cause it may prevent my Designs. [*Aside.*

Stand. I'll chuse, Madam, rather to destroy my Passion by Absence Abroad, than have it starv'd at Home.

Lure. I'm sorry, Sir, you have so mean an Opinion of my Affection, as to imagine it founded upon your Fortune. And to convince you of your Mistake, here I vow, by all that's sacred, I own the same Affection now as before. Let it suffice, my Fortune is considerable.

Stand. No, Madam, no; I'll never be a Charge to her I love: The Man that sells himself for Gold is the worst of Prostitutes.

Lure.

Lure. Now were he any other Creature but a Man, I could love him. [*Aside.*]

Stand. This only last Request I make, that no Title recommend a Fool, Office introduce a Knave, nor a Coat a Coward, to my Place in your Affections; so farewell my Country, and adieu my Love. [*Exit.*]

Lure. Now the Devil take thee for being so honourable: Here, *Parly*, call him back, I shall lose half my Diversion else. Now for a Trial of Skill. [*Re-enter Colonel.*] Sir, I hope you'll pardon my Curiosity: When do you take your Journey?

Stand. To-morrow Morning, early, *Madam*.

Lure. So suddenly! Which Way are you designed to travel?

Stand. That I can't yet resolve on.

Lure. Pray Sir, tell me; pray Sir, I intreat you; Why are you obstinate?

Stand. Why are you so curious, *Madam*?

Lure. Because——

Stand. What?

Lure. Because, I, I——

Stand. Because! What, *Madam*?—Pray tell me.

Lure. Because I design—to follow you. [*Crying:*]

Stand. Follow me! by all that's great! I ne'er was proud before; but Love from such a Creature might swell the Vanity of the proudest Prince. Follow me! No, thou shalt not. What! expose thee to the Hazards of a Camp—Rather I'll stay, and here bear the Contempt of Fools, and worst of Fortune.

Lure. We need not, shall not; my Estate for both is sufficient.

Stand. Thy Estate! no, I'll turn a Knave, and purchase one myself! I'll cringe to that proud Man I undermine, and fawn on him that I would bite to Death: I'll tip my Tongue with Flattery, and smooth my Face with Smiles; I'll turn Pimp, Informer, Office-broker, nay, Coward, to be great; and sacrifice it all to thee, my generous Fair.

Lure. And I'll dissemble, lie, swear, jilt, any thing but I'll reward thy Love, and recompence thy noble Passion.

Stand. Sir *Harry*, Ha, ha, ha! Poor Sir *Harry*; Ha, ha, ha! Rather kiss her Hand, than the *Pope's* Toe. Ha, ha, ha!

Lure.

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Lure. Sir Harry? Colonel, What Sir Harry?

Stand. Sir Harry Wildair, Madam—

Lure. What! Is he come over?

Stand. Ay, and he told me—but I don't believe a Syllable on't—

Lure. What did he tell you?

Stand. Only called you his *Mistress*, and pretending to be extravagant in your Commendation, would vainly insinuate the Praise of his own Judgment and good Fortune in a Choice—

Lure. How easily is the Vanity of Fops tickled by our Sex!

Stand. Why, your Sex is the Vanity of Fops.

Lure. O'my Conscience, I believe so. This Gentleman, because he danc'd well, I pitch'd on for a Partner at a Ball at *Paris*; and ever since he has so persecuted me with Letters, Songs, Dances, Serenading, Flattery, Foppery, and Noise, that I was forc'd to fly the Kingdom—And I warrant you he made you jealous.

Stand. Faith, *Madam*, a little uneasy.

Lure. You shall have a plentiful Revenge; I'll send him back all his foolish Letters, Songs, and Verses, and you yourself shall carry 'em; 'twill afford you Opportunity of triumphing, and free me from his farther Impertinence; for of all Men he's my Aversion. I'll run and fetch them instantly.

Stand. Dear *Madam*, a rare Project. How shall I bait him, like *Aëdon*, with his own Dogs.—Well, *Mrs. Parly*, 'tis ordered by *Act of Parliament*, that you receive no more Pieces, *Mrs. Parly*—

Par. 'Tis provided by the same *Act*, that you send no more *Messages* by me, good Colonel; you must not pretend to send any more Letters, unless you can pay the Postage.

Stand. Come, come! don't be mercenary, take Example by your Lady; be honourable.

Par. Alack-a-day, Sir, it shows as ridiculous and haughty for us to imitate our Betters in their Honour, as in their Finery; leave Honour to Nobility that can support it. We poor Folks, Colonel, have no Pretence to't: And truly, I think, Sir, that your Honour should be cashier'd with your Leading Staff.

Stand.

Stand. 'Tis one of the greatest Curses of Poverty, to be the Jest of Chamber-maids.

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. Here's the Packet, Colonel, the whole Magazine of Love's Artillery. [*Gives him the Packet.*]

Stand. Which, since I have gain'd, I will turn upon the Enemy. Madam, I'll bring you the News of my Victory this Evening. Poor Sir Harry: Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit.*]

Lure. To the Right about, as you were: March, Colonel. Ha, ha, ha!

*Vain Man, who boasts of study'd Parts and Wiles;
Nature, in us, your deepest Art beguiles,
Stamping deep Cunning in our Frowns and Smiles.
You toil for Art, your Intellects you trace;
Woman, without Thought, bears Policy in her Face.*



ACT II.

SCENE, Clincher Junior's Lodgings.

Enter Clincher, opening a Letter, Servant following.

CLINCHER—Reads,

Dear Brother,

I Will see you presently. I have sent this Lad to wait on you, he can instruct you in the Fashions of the Town.

I am your affectionate Brother, CLINCHER.

Very well; and what's your Name, Sir?

Dick. My Name is Dicky, Sir.

Clin. Dicky!

Dick. Ay, Dicky, Sir.

Clin. Very well; a pretty Name. And what can you do, Mr. Dicky?

Dick. Why, Sir, I can powder a Wig, and pick up a Whore.

Clin. O Lord! O Lord! a Whore! Why are there many Whores in this Town?

Dick.

20 *The CONSTANT COUPLE: Or,*

Dick. Ha, ha, ha! many Whores! there's a Question, indeed; why, Sir, there are above five hundred Surgeons in Town—Harkee, Sir, do you see that Woman there in the Velvet Scarf, and Red Knots?

Clin. Ay, Sir; what then?

Dick. Why she shall be at your Service in three Minutes, as I'm a Pimp.

Clin. O *Jupiter Ammon!* why she's a Gentlewoman.

Dick. A Gentlewoman! why, so are all the Whores in Town, Sir.

Enter Clincher senior.

Clin. sen. Brother, you're welcome to *London*.

Clin. jun. I thought, Brother, you ow'd so much to the Memory of my Father, as to wear Mourning for his Death.

Clin. sen. Why so I do, Fool; I wear this because I have the Estate, and you wear that, because you have not the Estate. You have cause to mourn, indeed, Brother. Well, Brother, I'm glad to see you, fare you well. [*Going.*

Clin. jun. Stay, stay, Brother; where are you going?

Clin. sen. How natural 'tis for a Country Booby to ask impertinent Questions. Harkee, Sir, Is not my Father dead?

Clin. jun. Ay, ay, to my Sorrow.

Clin. sen. No Matter for that, he is dead. And am not I a young powder'd extravagant *English* Heir?

Clin. jun. Very right, Sir.

Clin. sen. Why then, Sir, you may be sure that I am going to the *Jubilee*, Sir.

Clin. jun. *Jubilee!* What's that?

Clin. sen. *Jubilee!* Why the *Jubilee* is—Faith I don't know what it is.

Dick. Why the *Jubilee* is the same thing with our *Lord Mayor's-Day* in the City; there will be *Pageants*, and *Squibbs*, and *Raree-shows*, and all that, Sir.

Clin. jun. And must you go so soon, Brother?

Clin. sen. Yes, Sir, for I must stay a Month in *Amsterdam*, to study Poetry.

Clin. jun. Then, I suppose, Brother, you travel through *Muscovy*, to learn Fashions. Don't you, Brother?

Clin. sen. Brother! Prithee Robin, don't call me Brother; Sir, will do every Jot as well.

Clin. jun. O *Jupiter Ammon!* Why so?

Clin.

Clin. sen. Because People will imagine that you have a Spight at me—But, have you seen your Cousin *Angelica* yet, and her Mother, the Lady *Darling*?

Clin. jun. No : My Dancing-master has not been with me yet. How shall I salute them, Brother?

Clin. sen. P'shaw, that's easy ; 'tis only two Scrapes, a Kifs, and your humble Servant : I'll tell you more when I come from the *Jubilee*. Come along, [Exit.]

SCENE, *Lady Darling's House.*

Enter Wildair with a Letter.

Wild. Like Light and Heat incorporate we lay :

We blest the Night, and curst the coming Day.

Well, if this Paper-kite flies sure, I'm secure of my Game—*Humph!* the prettiest *Bordel* I have seen ; a very stately genteel one. Now for a Bawd by the *Curtesy*, and a Whore with a *Coat of Arms*—'Sdeath, I'm afraid I've mistaken the House.

Enter Lady Darling.

No ; this must be the Bawd.

Darl. Your Business, pray Sir ?

Wild. Pleasure, Madam.

Darl. Then, Sir, you have no Business here.

Wild. This Letter, Madam, will inform you farther ; *Mr Vizard* sent it, with his humble Service to your Ladyship.

Darl. How does my Cousin, Sir ?

Wild. Ay, her Cousin, too, that's right Procurefs.

Darl. [Reads.] Madam ——— *Earnest Inclination to serve* ——— *Sir Harry* ——— *Madam* ——— *Court my Cousin* ——— *Gentleman* ——— *Fortune* ———

Your Ladyship's most Humble Servant, VIZARD.

Sir, your Fortune and Quality are sufficient to recommend you any where ; but what goes farther with me, is the Recommendation of so sober a young Gentleman as my Cousin *Vizard*.

Wild. A Right sanctify'd Bawd, on my Word.

Darl. Sir Harry, your Conversation with *Mr. Vizard* argues you a Gentleman, free from the loose and vicious Carriage of the Town ; I'll therefore call my Daughter.

Wild. Now go thy Way for an illustrious Bawd of *Babylon*—She dresses up a Sin so religiously, that the Devil would hardly know it of his making.

Re-

Re-enter Darling with Angelica.

Darl. Pray, Daughter, use him civilly, such Matches won't offer every Day. [Exit.

Wild. O all ye Powers of Love! An Angel! S'death What Money have I got in my Pocket? I can't offer her less than twenty Guineas — and, by *Jupiter*, she's worth a hundred.

Angel. 'Tis he! The very same! And his Person agreeable as his Character, of good Humour—Pray Heav'n his Silence proceed from Respect.

Wild. How innocent she looks! How wou'd that Modesty adorn Virtue, when it makes even Vice look so charming?—By Heav'n, there is such a commanding Innocence in her Looks, that I dare not ask the Question.

Angel. Now all the Charms of real Love and feign'd Indifference assist me to engage his Heart, for mine is lost already.

Wild. Madam — I, I — Zoons, I cannot speak to her—But she's a Whore, and I will—Madam, in short, I, I, — O Hypocrisy, Hypocrisy! What a charming Sin art thou?

Angel. He is caught; now to secure my Conquest—I thought, Sir, you had Business to communicate.

Wild. Business to communicate! How nicely she words it! Yes, Madam, don't you, don't you love singing Birds, Madam?

Angel. That's an odd Question for a Lover—Yes, Sir.

Wild. Why then, Madam, here is a Nest of the prettiest Goldfinches that ever chirpt in a Cage; twenty young ones, I assure you, Madam.

Angel. Twenty young ones? what then, Sir?

Wild. Why then, Madam, there are twenty young ones — 'Slife, I think twenty is pretty fair.

Angel. He's mad, sure — Sir *Harry*, when you have learn'd more Wit and Manners, you shall be welcome here again. [Exit.

Wild. *Wit and Manners!* — I Gad, now I conceive there is a great deal of *Wit and Manners* in twenty Guineas — I'm sure 'tis all the *Wit and Manners* I have about me at present. What shall I do?

Enter Clincher junior and Dicky.

What the Devil's here? Another Cousin, I warrant ye! Harkee, Sir, Can you lend me ten or twenty Guineas instantly,

stantly, I'll pay you fifteen for them, in three hours, upon my Honour.

Clin. jun. These London Sparks are plaguy impudent! This Fellow, by his Wig and Assurance, can be no less than a Courtier.

Dick. He's rather a Courtier by his borrowing.

Clin. jun. Faith, Sir, I have not above five Guineas about me.

Wild. What Business have you here, then, Sir? For, to my Knowledge, twenty won't be sufficient.

Clin. jun. Sufficient! for what, Sir?

Wild. What, Sir? Why, for that, Sir; What the Devil should it be, Sir? I know your Business, notwithstanding all your Gravity, Sir.

Clin. jun. My Business! Why my Cousin lives here.

Wild. I know your Cousin does live there, and *Vizard's* Cousin, and my Cousin, and every Body's Cousin.—Harkee, Sir, I shall return immediately, and if you offer to touch her till I come back, I shall cut your Throat, Rascal. [Exit.

Clin. Why the Man's mad, sure?

Dick. Mad, Sir? Ay, he's a Beau.

Clin. A Beau! What's that? Are all Madmen Beaux?

Dick. No, Sir! But most Beaux are Madmen. But now for your Cousin; remember your three Scrapes, a Kiss, and your humble Servant.

[Exeunt, as into the House.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Wildair; Colonel following.

Stand. Sir Harry, Sir Harry.

Wild. I'm in Haste, Colonel: Besides, if you're in no better Humour than when I parted with you in the Park this Morning, your Company won't be very agreeable.

Stand. You're a happy Man, Sir Harry, who are never out of Humour: Can nothing move your Gall, Sir Harry?

Wild. Nothing but Impossibilities, which are the same as nothing.

Stand. What Impossibilities?

Wild. The Resurrection of my Father to disinherit me, or an Act of Parliament against Wenching. A Man of Eight

24 *The* CONSTANT COUPLE: Or,

Eight Thousand Pound *per Annum* to be vext ! No, no ; Anger and Spleen are Companions for younger Brothers.

Stand. Suppose one call'd you Son of a Whore behind your Back ?

Wild. Why then would I call him Rascal behind his Back, and so we're even.

Stand. But suppose you had lost a Mistress ?

Wild. Why then would I get another.

Stand. But suppose you were discarded by the Woman you love ; that would surely trouble you.

Wild. You're mistaken, Colonel ; my Love is neither romantically honourable, nor meanly mercenary, 'tis only a Pitch of Gratitude ; while she loves me, I love her ; when she desists, the Obligation's void.

Stand. But to be mistaken in your Opinion, Sir, if the Lady *Lurewell* (only suppose it) had discarded you—I say, only suppose it—and had sent your Discharge by me ?

Wild. Pshaw, that's another Impossibility.

Stand. Are you sure of that ?

Wild. Why, 'twere a Solecism in Nature ; we're Finger and Thumb, Sir. She dances with me, sings with me, plays with me, swears with me, lies with me.

Stand. How, Sir ?

Wild. I mean in an honourable Way ; that is, she lies for me. In short, we are as like one another as a Couple of Guineas.

Stand. Now that I have rais'd you to the highest Pinnacle of Vanity, will I give you so mortifying a Fall, as shall dash your Hopes to Pieces—I pray your Honour to peruse these Papers. [*Gives him the Packet.*]

Wild. What is't, the Muster-Roll of your Regiment, Colonel ?

Stand. No, no ; 'tis a List of your Forces in your last Love Campaign ; and, for your Comfort, all disbanded.

Wild. Prithee, good metaphorical Colonel, What d'ye mean ?

Stand. Read, Sir, read ; these are the *Sibyl's* Leaves that will unfold your Destiny.

Wild. So it be not a false Deed, to cheat me of my Estate, what care I—[*Opening the Packet.*] *Humph !* my Hand ! To the Lady *Lurewell*—What Devil hast thou been tampering with to conjure up these Spirits ?

Stand.

Stand. A certain Familiar of your Acquaintance, Sir.

Wild. [*Reading.*] — *Madam, my Passion—so natural—your Beauty contending—Force of Charms—Mankind—Eternal Admirer, Wildair!* I never was ashamed of my Name before.

Stand. What, Sir Harry Wildair out of Humour? Ha, ha, ha! poor Sir Harry; more Glory in her Smile than in the Jubilee at Rome; ha, ha, ha! But then her Foot, Sir Harry, she dances to a Miracle! ha, ha, ha! Fy, Sir Harry, a Man of your Parts write Letters not worth keeping! What say'st thou, my dear Knight Errant? Ha, ha, ha! you may go seek Adventures now, indeed.

Wild. Now why should I be angry that a Woman is a Woman? Since Inconstancy and Falshood are grounded in their Natures, how can they help it?

Stand. Then they must be grounded in your Nature; for you and she are Finger and Thumb, Sir.

Wild. Here's a Copy of Verses, too: I must turn Poet in the Devil's Name—Stay—'Sdeath! What's here? This is her Hand. Oh the charming Character! My dear Wildair, [*reading*] *That's I—this huff bluff Colonel—that's he!*—is the rarest Fool in Nature—the Devil he is!—And as such have I us'd him—with all my Heart, faith—I had no better Way of letting you know that I lodge in Pall-Mall, near the Holy Lamb—Colonel, I'm your humble Servant.

Stand. Hold, Sir, you shan't go yet; I ha'nt deliver'd half my Message.

Wild. Upon my Faith, but you have, Colonel.

Stand. Well, well, own your Spleen; out with it; I know you're like to burst.

Wild. I am so, by Gad; Ha, ha, ha!

[*Laugh, and point at one another.*]

Stand. Ay, with all my Heart; Ha, ha, ha! Well, well, that's all forc'd, Sir Harry.

Wild. I was never better pleas'd in all my Life, by Jupiter.

Stand. Well, Sir Harry, 'tis Prudence to hide your Concern, when there's no Help for't:—But to be serious now, the Lady has sent you back all your Papers there—I was so just as not to look upon 'em.

26 *The* CONSTANT COUPLE: Or,

Wild. I am glad on't, Sir; for there were some Things that I would not have you see.

Stand. All this she has done for my sake; and I desire you would decline any farther Pretensions for your own sake. So honest, good-natur'd Sir Harry, I'm your humble Servant. [Exit.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! poor Colonel!—O the Delight of an ingenious *Mistress*! What a Life and Briskness it adds to an Amour, like the Loves of mighty *Jove*, still suing in different Shapes. A *Legerdemain* *Mistress*, who *presto, pass*, and she's vanish'd; then *Hoy*, in an Instant, in your Arms again. [Going.

Enter Vizard.

Viz. Well met, Sir Harry; What News from the Island of *Love*?

Wild. Faith we made but a broken Voyage by your Chart; but now I am bound for another Port: I told you the Colonel was my Rival.

Viz. The Colonel! Curs'd Misfortune! another! [Aside.

Wild. But the civilest in the World; he brought me Word where my *Mistress* lodges; the Story's too long to tell you now, for I must fly.

Viz. What! Have you given over all Thoughts of *Angelica*?

Wild. No, no; I'll think of her some other Time. But now for the Lady *Lurewell*; Wit and Beauty call.

That *Mistress* ne'er can pall her Lover's Joys,
Whose Wit can whet, *whene'er* her Beauty cloy.
Her little am'rous Frauds all Truths excel;
And make us happy, being deceiv'd so well.

[Exit,

Viz. solus.—The Colonel my Rival too! How shall I manage? There is but one Way—him and the Knight will I set a tilting, where one cuts t'other's Throat, and the Survivor's hang'd: So there will be two Rivals pretty decently dispos'd of. [Exit.

SCENE,

SCENE, *Lurewell's Lodgings.*

Lurewell and Parly.

Lure. Has my Servant brought me the Money from my Merchant?

Parl. No, Madam: He met Alderman *Smuggler* at *Charing-Cross*, who has promis'd to wait on you himself immediately.

Lure. 'Tis odd, that this old Rogue shou'd pretend to love me, and at the same Time cheat me of my Money.

Parl. 'Tis well, Madam, if he don't cheat you of your Estate; for you say, the Writings are in his Hands.

Lure. But what Satisfaction can I get of him?

Enter Smuggler.

Mr. Alderman, your Servant: Have you brought me any Money, Sir?

Smug. Faith, Madam, trading is very dead; what with paying the Taxes, raising the Customs, Losses at Sea Abroad, and maintaining our Wives at Home, the Bank is reduc'd very low.

Lure. Come, come, Sir, these Evasions won't serve your Turn; I must have Money, Sir—I hope you don't design to cheat me.

Smug. Cheat you, Madam, I have been an honest Citizen these five and thirty Years!

Lure. An honest Citizen! Bear Witness, *Parly*! I shall trap him in more Lies presently—Come, Sir, tho' I'm a Woman, I can take a Course.

Smug. What Course, Madam, you'll go to Law, will ye? I can maintain a Suit of Law, be it right or wrong, these forty Years, I'm sure of that, Thanks to the honest Practice of the Courts. But, *Madam*, I have brought you about a hundred and fifty Guineas, (a great deal of Money, as Times go) and ———

Lure. Come, give it me.

Smug. Ah, that Hand, that Hand; that pretty soft, white—I have brought it, you see: But the Condition of the Obligation is such, that whereas that leering Eye, that pouting Lip, that pretty soft Hand, that—you understand me, you understand, I'm sure you do; you little Rogue ———

28 *The CONSTANT COUPLE: Or,*

Lure. Here's a Villain now, so covetous, that he won't Wench upon his own Cost, but would bribe me with my own Money. I will be reveng'd—Upon my Word, Mr. Alderman, you make me blush? What d'ye mean, pray?

Smug. See here, *Madam*, [*Puts a Piece of Money in his Mouth.*] burs and Guinea, burs and Guinea, burs and Guinea.

Lure. Well, Mr. Alderman, you have such pretty ways with you, that I will, Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Smug. Will you, indeed? He, he, he! my little Coquet; and when, and where, and how?

Lure. 'Twill be a difficult Point, Sir, to secure both our Honours, you must therefore be disguis'd, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. P'shaw! No Matter, I'm an old Fornicator, I'm not half so religious as I seem to be.

Lure. No Man is seen to come into this House after Night-fall; you must therefore sneak in, when 'tis dark, in Woman's Cloaths.

Smug. I, gad so, cod so—I have a Suit a Purpose, my little Coquet; I love to be disguis'd; I cod I make a very handsome Woman, I cod I do.

Enter Servant, whispers Lurewell.

Lure. Oh! Mr. Alderman, shall I beg you to walk into next Room, here are some Strangers coming up.

Smug. Burs and Guinea first, ah my little Coquet. [*Exit.*

Enter Wildair.

Wild. My Life, my Soul, my all that Heav'n can give.

Lure. Death's Life with thee; without thee, Death to live.

Welcome, my dear Sir Harry, I see you got my Directions.

Wild. Directions! in the most charming Manner; thou dear *Machiavel* of Intrigue.

Lure. Still brisk and airy, I find, Sir Harry.

Wild. The Sight of you, *Madam*, exalts my Air, and makes Joy lighten in my Face.

Lure. I have a thousand Questions to ask you, Sir Harry, How do you like France?

Wild. Ah! *est le plus beau pais du monde.*

Lure. Then what made you leave it so soon?

Wild. *Madam, Vous voyez que je vous suis partout.*

Lure. O Monsieur, je vous suis fort obligée——But where's the Court now?

Wild.

Wild. At Marli, Madam.

Lure. And where my Count *La Valier*?

Wild. His Body's in the Church of *Notre Dame*; I don't know where his Soul is.

Lure. What Disease did he die of?

Wild. A *Duel*, Madam, I was his Doctor.

Lure. How d'ye mean?

Wild. As most Doctors do, I kill'd him.

Lure. *En Cavalier*, my dear Knight-Errant; well; And how? And how? What Intrigues, what Gallantries are carrying on in the *Beau Monde*?

Wild. I should ask you that Question, Madam, since your Ladyship makes the *Beau Monde* wherever you come.

Lure. Ah! Sir Harry, I've been almost ruin'd, pester'd to Death here by the incessant Attacks of a mighty Colonel; he has besieg'd me as close as our Army did *Namur*.

Wild. I hope your Ladyship did not surrender, tho'.

Lure. No, no; but was forc'd to capitulate: But since you are come to raise the Siege, we'll dance, and sing, and laugh.

Wild. And love, and kifs——*Montrez moy votre Chambre.*

Lure. *Attende, Attende un peu*——I remember, Sir Harry, you promis'd me in *Paris*, never to ask that impertinent Question again.

Wild. P'shaw, Madam, that was above two Months ago; besides, Madam, Treaties made in *France* are never kept.

Lure. Wou'd you marry me, Sir Harry?

Wild. Oh! *Le Marriage est une Grande mal*——but I will marry you.

Lure. Your Word, Sir, is not to be rely'd on: if a Gentleman will forfeit his Honour in Dealings of Business, we may reasonably suspect his Fidelity in an Amour.

Wild. My Honour in Dealings of Business! Why, Madam, I never had any Business in all my Life.

Lure. Yes, Sir Harry, I have heard a very odd Story, and am sorry, that a Gentleman of your Figure should undergo the Scandal!

Wild. Out with it, Madam.

Lure. Why the Merchant, Sir, that transmitted your Bills of Exchange to you in *France*, complains of some indirect and dishonourable Dealings.

30 *The CONSTANT COUPLE: Or,*

Wild. Who, old Smuggler!

Lure. Ay, ay: you know him, I find.

Wild. I have no less than Reason, I think; why the Rogue has cheated me of above five hundred Pound within these three Years.

Lure. 'Tis your Business, then, to acquit yourself publickly, for he spreads the Scandal every where.

Wild. Acquit myself publickly?—Here, Sirrah, my Coach, I'll drive instantly into the City, and cane the old Villain round the *Royal Exchange*; he shall run the Gantlet through a thousand brusht Beavers, and formal Cravats.

Lure. Why he is in the House now, Sir.

Wild. What, in this House?

Lure. Ay, in the next Room.

Wild. Then, Sirrah, lend me your Cudgel.

Lure. Sir Harry, you won't raise a Disturbance in my House?

Wild. Disturbance, Madam, no, no; I'll beat him with the Temper of a Philosopher; here, Mrs. Parly, shew me the Gentleman. *[Exit with Parly.]*

Lure. Now shall I get the old Monster well beaten, and Sir Harry pester'd next Term with Bloodsheds, Batteries, Costs and Damages, Sollicitors and Attorneys; and if they don't teize him out of his good Humour, I'll never plot again. *[Exit.]*

SCENE *changes to another Room in the same House.*

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. O this damn'd Tide-waiter! A Ship and Cargo worth five thousand Pound! why 'tis richly worth five hundred Perjuries.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Dear Mr. Alderman, I'm your most devoted and humble Servant.

Smug. My best Friend, Sir Harry, you're welcome to England.

Wild. I'll assure you, Sir, there's not a Man in the King's Dominions I'm gladder to meet.

Smug. O Lord, Sir, you Travellers have the most obliging Ways with you.

Wild.

Wild. There is a Business, Mr. *Alderman*, fall'n out, which you may oblige me infinitely by—I am very sorry that I am forc'd to be troublesome; but Necessity, Mr. *Alderman*.

Smug. Ay, Sir, as you say, Necessity—But upon my Word, Sir, I'm very short of Money, at present; but—

Wild. That's not the Matter, Sir, I'm above an Obligation that Way; but the Business is, I'm reduc'd to an indispensable Necessity of being obliged to you for a Beating—Here, take this Cudgel.

Smug. A Beating, Sir *Harry*! Ha, ha, ha! I beat a Knight Baronet! An Alderman turn Cudgel-Prayer! Ha, ha, ha!

Wild. Upon my Word, Sir, you must beat me, or I'll cudgel you; take your Choice.

Smug. P'shaw, p'shaw, you jest.

Wild. Nay, 'tis as sure as Fate; so, *Alderman*, I hope you'll pardon my Curiosity.

Smug. Curiosity! Deuce take your Curiosity, Sir; What d'ye mean?

Wild. Nothing at all: I'm but in jest, Sir.

Smug. O, I can take any thing in jest; but a Man might imagine, by the Smartness of the Stroke, that you were in downright Earnest.

Wild. Not in the least, Sir, (*strikes him*,) not in the least, indeed, Sir.

Smug. Pray, good Sir, no more of your Jest, for they are the bluntest Jest, that I ever knew.

Wild. (*strikes*) I heartily beg your Pardon with all my Heart, Sir.

Smug. Pardon, Sir; well Sir, that is Satisfaction enough from a Gentleman; but seriously now, if you pass any more of your Jest upon me, I shall grow angry.

Wild. I humbly beg your Permission to break one or two more. [*striking him*.]

Smug. O Lord, Sir, you'll break my Bones: Are you mad, Sir? Murder, Felony, Manslaughter.

[*Wild. knocks him down*.]

Wild. Sir, I beg you ten thousand Pardons; but I am absolutely compell'd to't, upon my Honour, Sir; nothing can be more averse to my Inclinations, than to jest with

32 *The. CONSTANT COUPLE: Or,*

my honest, dear, loving, obliging Friend, the *Al-
aerman.*

*[Striking him all this while, Smuggler tumbles
over and over, and shakes out his Pocket-Book on
the Floor; Lurewell enters, takes it up.]*

Lure. The old Rogue's Pocket-Book; this may be of
use. *[Aside.]* O Lord, Sir Harry's murdering the poor
old Man——

Smug. O dear Madam, I was beaten in Jest, 'till I am
murder'd in good Earnest.

Lure. Well, well! I'll bring you off, Senior: *Frappex,
Frappex.* I wonder you are not asham'd, *[Holding Wild.]*
A poor reverend honest Elder—— *[Helps Smug. up.]*
It makes me weep to see him in this Condition, poor
Man! Now the Devil take you, Sir Harry——for not
beating him harder. Well, my Dear, you shall come
at Night, and I'll make you Amends.

Smug. I will have Amends before I leave the Place:
Sir, How durst you use me thus?

Wild. Sir? *[Here Sir Harry takes Snuff.]*

Smug. Sir, I say, I will have Satisfaction.

Wild. With all my Heart. *[Throws Snuff in his Eyes.]*

Smug. O Murder, Blindness, Fire: O Madam, Ma-
dam, get me some Water. Water, Fire, Fire, Water.

[Exit with Lurewell.]

Wild. How pleasant is resenting an Injury without
Passion? 'Tis the Beauty of Revenge.

*Let Statesmen plot, and under Business groan;
And settling Publick Quiet, lose their own.
Let Soldiers drudge and fight for Pay or Fame;
For, when they're shot, I think 'tis much the same.
Let Scholars vex their Brains with Mood and Tense,
And, mad with Strength of Reason, Fools commence; }
Losing their Wits in searching after Sense;
Their Summum Bonum they must toil to gain;
And, seeking Pleasure, spend their Life in Pain.
I make the most of Life, no Hour mispend;
Pleasure's the Means, and Pleasure is my End.
No Spleen, no Trouble shall my Time destroy.
Life's but a Span; I'll ev'ry Inch enjoy.*

[Exit.]

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE. The Street.

Enter Standard and Vizard.

STANDARD.

I Bring him Word where she lodg'd! I the civilest Rival in the World! 'tis impossible.

Viz. I shall urge it no further, Sir; I only thought, Sir, that my Character in the World might add Authority to my Words, without so many Repetitions.

Stand. Pardon me, Dear Vizard—Our Belief struggles hard, before it can be brought to yield to the Disadvantage of what we love; 'tis so great an Abuse to our Judgment, that it makes the Faults of our Choice our own Failing. But what said Sir Harry?

Viz. He pitied the poor credulous Colonel, laugh'd heartily, and flew away with all the Raptures of a Bridegroom, repeating these Lines:

A Mistress ne'er can pall her Lover's Joys,

Whose Wit can whet whenever her Beauty cloy.

Stand. *A Mistress ne'er can pall!* By all my Wrongs he whores her! And I'm made their Property. Vengeance!

Vizard, you must carry a Note from me to Sir Harry.

Viz. What, a Challenge! I hope you don't design to fight.

Stand. What? wear the Livery of my King, and pocket an Affront! 'twere an Abuse to his Sacred Majesty; a Soldier's Sword, Vizard, shou'd start of itself to redress its Master's Wrong.

Viz. However, Sir, I think it not proper for me to carry any such Message between Friends.

Stand. I have ne'er a Servant here. What shall I do?

Viz. There's Tim Errand, the Porter that plies at the Blue Posts, who knows Sir Harry and his Haunts very well; you may send a Note by him.

Stand. Here, you Friend.

Viz. I have now some Business, and must take my Leave; I would advise you nevertheless against this Affair.

Stand. No whispering now, nor telling of Friends to prevent us. He that disappoints a Man of an honourable Revenge, may love him foolishly like a Wife, but never value him as a Friend.

Viz. Nay, the Devil take him that parts you, say I.
[Exit.]

Enter Porter running.

Err. Did your Honour call a Porter?

Stand. Is your Name *Tim Errand*?

Err. People call me so, an't like your Worship—

Stand. D'ye know Sir *Harry Wildair*?

Err. Ay, very well, Sir! He's one of my Masters; many a round Half Crown have I had of his Worship: He's newly come home from *France*, Sir.

Stand. Go to the next *Coffee-House*, and wait for me. O Woman, Woman, how blest is Man, when favoured by your Smiles? and how accurst, when all these Smiles are found but wanton Baits to sooth us to Destruction?

*Thus our chief Joys, with base Alloys, are curst,
And our best Things, when once corrupted, worst.* [Exit.]

Enter Wildair, and Clincher Senior following.

Clin. sen. Sir, Sir, Sir, having some Business of Importance to communicate to you, I would beg your Attention to a trifling Affair that I would impart to you.

Wild. What is your trifling Business of Importance, pray sweet Sir?

Clin. sen. Pray Sir, Are the Roads deep between this and *Paris*!

Wild. Why that Question, Sir?

Clin. sen. Because, I design to go to the *Jubilee*, Sir. I understand that you are a Traveller, Sir; there is an Air of Travel in the Tie of your Cravat, Sir, there is indeed, Sir—I suppose, Sir, you bought this Lace in *Flanders*.

Wild. No, Sir, this Lace was made in *Norway*.

Clin. sen. *Norway*, Sir!

Wild. Yes, Sir, of the Shavings of Deal-Boards.

Clin. sen. That's very strange now, Faith. Lace made of the Shavings of Deal-Boards; I Gad, Sir, you Travellers see very strange Things Abroad, very incredible Things Abroad, indeed.

Wild. But, Sir, what Preparations have you made for your Journey?

Clin.

Clin. sen. A Case of Pocket-Pistols for the Bravo's—
and a Swimming-Girdle.

Wild. Why these, Sir?

Clin. sen. O Lord, Sir, I'll tell you—Suppose us in
Rome now; away goes I to some Ball—for I'll be a
mighty Beau. Then as I said, I go to some Ball, or
some Bear-baiting, 'tis all one, you know—then comes a
fine *Italian Bona Roba*, and plucks me by the Sleeve,
Signior Angle, Signior Angle—she's a very fine Lady,
observe that—*Signior Angle*, says she,—*Signiora*, says
I, and trips after her to the Corner of a Street, suppose
it *Russel-Street* here, or any other Street; then you
know I must invite her to the Tavern, I can do no less.
There up comes a Bravo; the *Italian* grows saucy, and I
give him an *English* Douse of the Face. I can box, Sir,
box tightly, I was a 'Prentice, Sir; but then, Sir, he
whips out his *Stilletto*, and I whips out my *Bull-Dog*—
flaps him through, trips down Stairs, turns the Corner of
Russel-Street again, and whips me into the Ambassador's
Train, and there I'm as safe as a Beau behind the Scenes.

Wild. Was your Pistol charg'd, Sir?

Clin. sen. Only a Brace of Bullets, that's all, Sir.

Wild. 'Tis a very pretty Pistol, Sir, pray let me see it.

Clin. sen. With all my Heart, Sir. [Gives it him.]

Wild. Hark'ee, Mr. *Jubilee*, can you digest a Brace of
Balls?

Clin. sen. O by no means in the World, Sir.

Wild. I'll try the Strength of your Stomach, however,
Sir—You are a dead Man.

Clin. sen. Consider, Sir, I'm going to the *Jubilee*; when
I come back again, I'm a dead Man at your Service.

Wild. O very well, Sir, but take heed you are not so
cholerick for the future.

Clin. sen. Cholerick, zounds, Sir, I design to shoot
seven *Italians* a Week.

Wild. Sir, you won't have Provocation.

Clin. sen. Provocation, Sir! Zauns, Sir, I'll kill any
Man for treading upon my Corns, and there will be a
devilish Throng of People there; they say, that all the
Princes of *Italy* will be there.

Wild. And all the Fops and Fidlers in *Europe*—But
the Use of your Swimming-Girdle, pray Sir?

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Clin. sen. O Lord, Sir, that's easy. Suppose the Ship cast away; now, whilst other foolish People are busy at their Prayers, I whip on my Swimming-Girdle, clap a Month's Provisions into my Pockets, and sail me away, like an Egg in a Duck's Belly. Well, Sir, you must pardon me now, I'm going to see my Mistress.

Wild. This Fellow's an accomplish'd Ass before he goes Abroad. Well; this *Angelica* has got into my Heart, and I can't get her out of my Head. I must pay her t'other Visit.

SCENE, *Lady Darling's House.*

Angelica solus.

Ang. Unhappy State of Woman! whose chief Virtue is but Ceremony, and our much boasted Modesty but a slavish Restraint. The strict Confinement on our Words makes our Thoughts ramble more; and what preserves our outward Fame, destroys our inward Quiet—'Tis hard that Love should be deny'd the Privilege of Hatred; that Scandal and Detraction should be so much indulg'd, yet Sacred Love and Truth debarr'd our Conversation.

Enter Darling, Clincher jun. and Dicky.

Darl. This is my Daughter, Cousin.

Dick. Now, Sir, remember your three Scrapes.

Clin. [*Salutes Angelica.*] One, two, three, [*Kisses her.*] Your humble Servant. Was not that right, *Dicky*?

Dick. Ay, Faith, Sir, but why don't you speak to her?

Clin. jun. I beg your Pardon, *Dicky.* I know my Distance; Would you have me speak to a Lady at the first Sight?

Dick. Ay, Sir, by all Means; the first Aim is the surest.

Clin. jun. Now for a good Jest, to make her laugh heartily—By *Jupiter Ammon*, I'll go give her a Kiss.
[*Goes towards her.*]

Enter Wildair, interposing.

Wild. 'Tis all to no purpose, I told you so before; your pitiful five Guineas will never do—You may march, Sir; for as far as five hundred Pounds will go I'll out-bid you.

Clin. jun. What the Devil! the Madman's here again.

Darl.

Darl. Bless me, Cousin ! What d'ye mean ? Affront a Gentleman of his Quality in my House ?

Clin. jun. Quality ! Why, *Madam* ! I don't know what you mean by your Madmen, and your Beaux, and your Quality.—They're all alike, I believe.

Darl. Pray, Sir, walk with me into the next Room.

[Exit *Darl.* leading *Clin.* *Dick* follows.]

Ang. Sir, if your Conversation be no more agreeable than 'twas the last Time, I would advise you to make your Visit as short as you can.

Wild. The Offences of my last Visit, *Madam*, bore their Punishment in the Commission ; and have made me as uneasy till I receive Pardon, as your Ladyship can be till I sue for it.

Ang. Sir *Harry*, I did not well understand the Offence, and must, therefore, proportion it to the Greatness of your Apology : If you would, therefore, have me think it light, take no great Pains in an Excuse.

Wild. How sweet must be the Lips that guard that Tongue ! then, *Madam*, no more of past Offences, let us prepare for Joys to come ; let this seal my Pardon. [Kisses her Hand.] And this [again] initiate me to farther Happiness.

Ang. Hold, Sir,—one Question, Sir *Harry* ; and pray answer me plainly, D'ye love me ?

Wild. Love you ! Does Fire ascend ? Do Hypocrites dissemble ? Usurers love Gold, or Great Men Flattery ? Doubt these, then question that I love.

Ang. This shews your Gallantry, Sir, but not your Love.

Wild. View your own Charms, *Madam*, then judge my Passion ; your Beauty ravishes my Eye, your Voice my Ear, and your Touch has thrill'd my melting Soul.

Ang. If your Words be real, 'tis in your Pow'r to raise an equal Flame in me.

Wild. Nay, then—I seize—

Ang. Hold, Sir ; 'tis also possible, to make me detest and scorn you worse than the most profligate of your deceiving Sex.

Wild. Ha ! A very odd Turn this. I hope, *Madam*, you only affect Anger, because you know your Frowns are becoming.

Ang.

Ang. Sir Harry, you being the best Judge of your own Designs, can best understand whether my Anger should be real or dissembled; think what strict *Modesty* should bear, then judge of my Resentments.

Wild. Strict *Modesty* should bear! Why, Faith, *Madam*, I believe the strictest *Modesty* may bear fifty Guineas, and I don't believe 'twill bear one Farthing more.

Ang. What d'mean, Sir?

Wild. Nay, *Madam*, what do you mean, if you go to that? I think now, fifty Guineas is a very fine Offer for your strict *Modesty*, as you call it.

Ang. 'Tis more charitable, Sir Harry, to charge the Impertinence of a Man of your Figure, on his Defect in Understanding, than on his Want of *Manners*—I'm afraid you're mad, Sir.

Wild. Why, *Madam*, you're enough to make any Man mad. 'Sdeath, Are not you a——

Ang. What, Sir?

Wild. Why, a Lady of—strict *Modesty*, if you will have it so.

Ang. I shall never hereafter trust common Report, which represented you, Sir, a Man of Honour, Wit, and Breeding; for I find you very deficient in them all. [*Exit.*]

Wild. solus. Now I find that the strict Pretences which the Ladies of Pleasure make to strict *Modesty*, is the Reason why those of Quality are ashamed to wear it.

Enter Vizard.

Viz. Ah, Sir Harry, Have I caught you? Well, and what Success?

Wild. Success! 'tis a Shame for you young Fellows in Town here, to let the Wenches grow so saucy. I offered her fifty Guineas, and she was in her Airs presently. I could have two Countesses in *Paris* for Half the Money, and *Je vous remercie* into the Bargain.

Viz. Gone in her Airs, say you? And did not you follow her?

Wild. Whither should I follow her!

Viz. Into her Bed-chamber, Man. She went on purpose. You a Man of Gallantry, and not understand that a Lady's best pleas'd when she puts on her Airs, as you call it.

Wild. She talk'd to me of strict *Modesty*, and Stuff.

Viz.

Viz. Certainly most Women magnify their Modesty, for the same Reason that Cowards boast their Courage, because they have least on't. Come, come, Sir Harry, when you make your next Assault, encourage your Spirits with brisk *Burgundy*; if you succeed, 'tis well; if not, you have a fair Excuse for your Rudeness. I'll go in, and make your Peace for what's past. Oh! I had almost forgot—Colonel *Standard* wants to speak with you about some Business.

Wild. I'll wait upon him presently; D'ye know where he may be found?

Viz. In the Piazza of *Covent-Garden*, about an Hour hence, I promis'd to see him, and there you may meet him; to have your Throat cut. [*Aside.*] I'll go in and intercede for you.

Wild. But no foul Play with the Lady, *Vizard*. [*Exit.*]

Viz. No fair Play, I can assure you. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, the Street before Lady Lurewell's Lodgings; Clincher, Sen. and Lurewell coquetting in the Balcony.

Enter Standard.

Stand. How weak is Reason in Disputes of Love? I have heard her Falshood with such pressing Proofs, that I no longer should distrust it. Yet still my Love would baffle Demonstration, and make Impossibilities seem probable. [*Looks up.*] Ha! that Fool too! What! stoop so low as that Animal—'Tis true, Women once fallen, like Cowards in Despair, will stick at nothing; there's no Medium in their Actions. But now for my Revenge. I'll kick her Cully before her Face, call her a Whore, curse the whole Sex, and so leave her. [*Goes in.*]

[*Lurewell comes down with Clincher. The Scene changes to a Dining Room.*]

Lure. O Lord, Sir, 'tis my Husband: What will become of you?

Clin. Eh; your Husband! Oh, I shall be murdered: What shall I do? where shall I run? I'll creep into an Oven; I'll climb up the Chimney; I'll fly; I'll swim:—I wish to the Lord, I were at the *Jubilee* now—

Lure. Can't you think of any thing, Sir?

Enter

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Enter Tom Errand.

What do you want, Sir?

Err. Madam, I am looking for Sir *Harry Wildair*; I saw him come here this Morning; and did imagine he might be here still.

Lure. A lucky Hit! Here, Friend, change Cloaths with this Gentleman, quickly: Strip.

Clin. Ay, ay, quickly strip: I'll give you Half a Crown, come here: So. [*They change Cloaths.*]

Lure. Now slip you, [*to Clincher,*] down Stairs, and wait at the Door till my Husband be gone; and get you in there, [*to the Porter,*] till I call you.

[*Puts Errand into the next Room.*]

Enter Standard.

Oh, Sir! Are you come? I wonder, Sir, how you have the Confidence to approach me, after so base a Trick.

Stand. O, Madam! all your Artifices won't prevail.

Lure. Nay, Sir, your Artifices won't avail; I thought, Sir, that I gave you Caution enough against troubling me with Sir *Harry Wildair's* Company, when I sent his Letters back by you: Yet you, forsooth, must tell him where I lodg'd, and expose me again to his impertinent Courtship.

Stand. I expose you to his Courtship!

Lure. I'll lay my Life you'll deny it now: Come, come, Sir, a pitiful Lie is as scandalous to a Red-Coat, as an Oath to a Black. Did not Sir *Harry* himself tell me, that he found out by you where I lodg'd?

Stand. You're all Lies: First, your Heart is false, your Eyes are double; one Look belies another: And then your Tongue does contradict them all—Madam, I see a little Devil just now hammering out a Lie in your Pericranium.

Lure. O' my Conscience, he's in the right on't. [*Aside.*] Hold, Sir, you have got the Play-house Cant upon your Tongue; and think that Wit may privilege your Rail-ing: But I must tell you, Sir, that what is Satire upon the Stage, is ill Manners here.

Stand. What is feign'd upon the Stage, is here in Reality real Falshood. Yes, yes, Madam—I expos'd you to the Courtship of your Fool *Clincher*, too? I hope your Female Wiles will impose that upon me—also—

Lure.

Lure. Clincher! Nay, now you're stark mad. I know no such Person.

Stand. O Woman in Perfection? not know him! 'Slife, Madam, can my Eyes, my piercing jealous Eyes, be so deluded? Nay, *Madam*, my Nose cou'd not mistake him; for I smelt the Fop, by his Pulvilio, from the Balcony down to the Street.

Lure. The Balcony! Ha, ha, ha! the Balcony! I'll be hang'd but he has mistaken Sir *Harry Wildair's* Footman, with a new *French* Livery, for a Beau.

Stand. 'Sdeath, *Madam*, What is there in me that looks like a Cully? Did not I see him?

Lure. No, no; you could not see him: You're dreaming *Colonel*: Will you believe your Eyes, now that I have rubb'd them open?—Here, you Friend.

Enter Errand in Clincher's Cloaths.

Stand. This is Illusion all; my Eyes conspire against themselves. 'Tis Legerdemain.

Lure. Legerdemain! is that all your acknowledgment for your rude Behaviour?—Oh, what a Curse is it to love as I do!—but don't presume too far, Sir, on my Affection: For such ungenerous Usage will soon re-turn my tir'd Heart—Be gone, Sir, [*to the Porter*] to your impertinent Master, and tell him, I shall never be at Leisure to receive any of his troublesome Visits—Send to me to know when I shou'd be at Home!—Be gone, Sir:—I am sure he has made me an unfortunate Woman. [*Weeps.*]

Stand. Nay, then there is no Certainty in Nature; and Truth is only Falshood well disguis'd.

Lure. Sir, had not I own'd my fond foolish Passion, I shou'd not have been subject to such unjust Suspensions; but 'tis an ungrateful Return. [*Weeping.*]

Stand. Now where are all my firm Resolves? I will believe her just. My Passion rais'd my Jealousy; then why mayn't Love be as blind in finding Faults, as in excusing them?—I hope, *Madam*, you'll pardon me, since Jealousy, that magnify'd my Suspicion, is as much the Effect of Love, as my Easiness in being satisfy'd.

Lure. Easiness in being satisfy'd! You Men have got an insolent Way of extorting Pardon, by persisting in
your

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your Faults. No, no, Sir; cherish your Suspicions, and feed upon your Jealousy: 'Tis fit Meat for your squeamish Stomach.

*With Men all Women should this Rule pursue;
Who thinks us false, should never find us true.*

[Exit in a Rage.

Enter Clincher in the Porter's Cloaths.

Clin. Well! Intriguing is the prettiest, pleasantest thing for a Man of my Parts — How shall we laugh at the Husband when he is gone! — How sillily he looks! He's in Labour of Horns already — To make a Colonel a Cuckold! 'Twill be rare News for the Alderman. [Aside.

Stand. All this Sir Harry has occasion'd; but he's brave, and will afford me just Revenge — O! this is the Porter I sent the Challenge by: — Well, Sir, have you found him?

Clin. What the Devil does he mean now?

Stand. Have you given Sir Harry the Note, Fellow?

Clin. The Note! What Note?

Stand. The Letter, Blockhead, which I sent by you to Sir Harry Wildair; Have you seen him?

Clin. O Lord! what shall I say now? Seen him! Yes, Sir! — No, Sir! — I have, Sir; I have not, Sir.

Stand. The Fellow's mad. Answer me directly, Sirrah, or I'll break your Head.

Clin. I know Sir Harry very well, Sir; but as to the Note, I can't remember a Word on't: Truth is, I have a very bad Memory.

Stand. O Sir, I'll quicken your Memory. [strikes him.

Clin. Zouns, Sir, hold — I did give him the Note.

Stand. And what Answer?

Clin. I mean, Sir, I did not give him the Note.

Stand. What, d'ye banter, Rascal! [strikes him again.

Clin. Hold, Sir, hold; he did send an Answer.

Stand. What was't, Villain?

Clin. Why truly, Sir, I have forgot it: I told you that I had a very treacherous Memory.

Stand. I'll engage you shall remember me this Month, Rascal.

[Beats him off, and Exit.

Enter

Enter Lurewell, Parly, and Clincher.

Lure. O my poor Gentleman ! And was it beaten ?

Clin. Yes, I have been beaten : But where's my Cloaths, my Cloaths ?

Lure. What, you won't leave me so soon, my Dear, will ye ?

Clin. Will ye ? If ever I peep into a Colonel's Tent again, may I be forced to run the Gauntlet : — But my Cloaths, Madam.

Lure. I sent the Porter down Stairs with them : Did not you meet him ?

Clin. Meet him ! No, not I.

Parl. No ? He went out at the Back-door, and is run clear away, I'm afraid.

Clin. Gone, say you ! And with my Cloaths ? My Fine Jubilee Cloaths ? O, the Rogue, the Thief ! — I'll have him hang'd for Murder : — But how shall I get home in this Pickle ?

Parl. I'm afraid, Sir, the Colonel will be back presently ; for he dines at home.

Clin. Oh, then I must sneak off ! Was ever so unfortunate a Beau, to have his Coat well thrash'd, and lose his Coat also. *[Exit.]*

Parl. Methinks, Madam, the Injuries you have suffered by Men must be very great, to raise such heavy Resentments against the whole Sex : And I think, Madam, your Anger shou'd be only confin'd to the Author of your Wrongs.

Lure. The Author ! Alas, I know him not, which makes my Wrongs the greater.

Parl. Not know him ! 'Tis odd, Madam, that a Man shou'd rob you of that same Jewel you mention'd, and you not know him.

Lure. Leave trifling. — 'Tis a Subject that always sours my Temper ; but since by thy faithful Service I have some Reason to confide in your Secresy, hear the strange Relation — Some twelve, twelve Years ago I liv'd at my Father's House in *Oxfordshire*, blest with Innocence, the ornamental, but weak Guard of blooming Beauty : I was then just Fifteen, an Age oft fatal to the female Sex. Then it happen'd, that three young Gentlemen from the University coming into the Country, and

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and being benighted, and Strangers, call'd at my Father's : He was very glad of their Company, and offer'd them the Entertainment of his House. Two of them had a heavy, pedantick, University Air, a sort of disagreeable scholastick Boorishness in their Behaviour : But the Third !

Parl. Ay ! the Third, Madam,—the Third of all Things, they say, is very critical.

Lure. He was—but in short, Nature cut him out for my Undoing ;—he seem'd to be about Eighteen.

Parl. A fit Match for your Fifteen as cou'd be.

Lure. He had a genteel Sweetness in his Face, a graceful Comeliness in his Person, and his Tongue was fit to sooth soft Innocence to Ruin : His Discourse was directed to my Father, but his Looks to me. After Supper I went to my Chamber, and read *Cassandra*, then went to Bed, and dreamt of him all Night ; rose in the Morning, and made Verses ; so fell desperately in Love—my Father was so pleas'd with his Conversation, that he begg'd their Company next Day ; they consented, and next Night, *Parly*—

Parl. Ay, next Night, Madam, ——— next Night (I'm afraid) was a Night, indeed.

Lure. He brib'd my Maid, with his Gold, out of her Honesty ; and me, with his Rhetorick, out of my Honour—she admitted him to my Chamber, and there he vow'd, and swore, and wept, and sigh'd—and conquer'd.

[Weeps.]

Parl. Alack a-day, poor Fifteen !

[Weeps.]

Lure. He swore that he wou'd come down from *Oxford* in a Fortnight, and marry me.

Parl. The old Bait ! The old Bait—I was cheated just so myself. [*Aside.*] But had not you the Wit to know his Name all this While ?

Lure. Alas ! What Wit had Innocence like mine ? He told me that he was under an Obligation to his Companions of concealing himself then, but that he wou'd write to me in two Days, and let me know his Name and Quality. After all the binding Oaths of Constancy, joining Hands, exchanging Hearts, I gave him a Ring, with this Motto, *Love and Honour* ; then we parted ; but I never saw the dear Deceiver more.

Parl.

Parl. No, nor never will, I warrant you.

Lure. I need not tell my Griefs, which my Father's Death made a fair Pretence for ; he left me sole Heir-ess and Executrix to three thousand Pounds a Year ; at last my Love for this single Dissembler, turn'd to a Hatred of the whole Sex, and resolving to divert my Melancholy, and make my large Fortune subservient to my Pleasure and Revenge, I went to travel, where, in most Courts of *Europe*, I have done some Execution : Here I will play my last Scene ; then retire to my Country-House, live solitary, and die a Penitent.

Parl. But don't you still love this dear Dissembler ?

Lure. Most certainly : 'Tis Love of him that keeps my Anger warm. Go, get me Pen and Ink ; I must write to *Vizard*.

*Fortune, this once assist me, as before,
Two such Machines can never work in vain,
As thy propitious Wheel, and my projecting Brain.*



A C T IV.

SCENE, *Covent-Garden.**Wildair and Standard meeting.**STANDARD.*

I Thought, Sir *Harry*, to have met you e're this in a more convenient Place; but since my Wrongs were without Ceremony, my Revenge shall be so too. Draw, Sir.

Wild. Draw, Sir! What shall I draw?

Stand. Come, come, Sir; I like your facetious Humour well enough: It shews Courage and Unconcern: I know you brave; and therefore use you thus. Draw your Sword.

Wild. Nay, to oblige you, I will draw: But the Devil take me if I fight—Perhaps, Colonel, this is the prettiest Blade you have seen.

Stand. I doubt not but the Arm is good; and therefore think both worth my Resentment. Come, Sir.

Wild. But, prithee Colonel, dost think that I am such a Madman as to send my Soul to the Devil, and my Body to the Worms, upon every Fool's Errand?

Stand. I hope you're no Coward, Sir.

Wild. Coward, Sir; I have eight Thousand Pounds a Year, Sir.

Stand. You fought in *Flanders*, to my Knowledge.

Wild. Ay, for the same Reason that I wore a Red-Coat, because 'twas fashionable.

Stand. Sir, you fought a *French Count* in *Paris*.

Wild. True, Sir: He was a Beau, like myself: Now you're a Soldier, Colonel, and Fighting's your Trade; and I think it downright Madness to contend with any Man in his Profession.

Stand. Come, Sir, no more dallying: I shall take very unseemly Methods if you don't shew your self a Gentleman.

Wild. A Gentleman! Why there again now. A Gentleman! I tell you once more, Colonel, that I am a Baronet, and have eight Thousand Pounds a Year. I can dance,

dance, sing, ride, fence, understand the Languages. Now I can't conceive how running you through the Body shou'd contribute one Jot more to my Gentility. But pray, Colonel, I had forgot to ask you, What's the Quarrel?

Stand. A Woman, Sir.

Wild. Then I put up my Sword. Take her.

Stand. Sir, my Honour's concern'd.

Wild. Nay, if your Honour be concern'd with a Woman, get it out of her Hands as soon as you can. An honourable Lover is the greatest Slave in Nature; some will say, the greatest Fool. Come, come, Colonel, this is something about the Lady *Lurewell*, I warrant; I can give you Satisfaction in that Affair.

Stand. Do so then immediately.

Wild. Put up your Sword first: You know I dare fight, but I had much rather make you a Friend than an Enemy. I can assure you this Lady will prove too hard for one of your Temper. You have too much Honour, too much in Conscience, to be a Favourite with the Ladies.

Stand. I am assur'd, Sir, she never gave you any Encouragement:—

Wild. A Man can never hear Reason with a Sword in his Hand. Sheath your Weapon; and then if I don't satisfy you, sheath it in my Body.

Stand. Give me but Demonstration of her granting you any Favour, and 'tis enough.

Wild. Will you take my Word?

Stand. Pardon me, Sir, I cannot.

Wild. Will you believe your own Eyes?

Stand. 'Tis ten to one whether I shall or no: They have deceiv'd me already.

Wild. That's hard—But some Means I shall devise for your Satisfaction—We must fly this Place, else that Cluister of Mob will overwhelm us. [Exeunt.

Enter Mob, Tim Errand's Wife burrying in Clincher Senior in Errand's Cloaths.

Wife. O, the Villain, the Rogue, he has murder'd my Husband: Ah, my poor *Timothy*. [Crying.

Clin. Dem your *Timothy*:—Your Husband has murder'd me, Woman: For he has carry'd away my fine Jubilee Cloaths.

Enter

*Enter Constable.**Const.* Hold, Neighbours, I command the Peace.*Wife.* O! Mr. Constable, here's a Rogue that has murder'd my Husband, and robb'd him of his Cloaths.*Const.* Murder and Robbery! Then he must be a Gentleman. Hands off there, he must not be abus'd—Give an Account of your self: Are you a Gentleman?*Clin.* No, Sir, I am a Beau.*Const.* Then you have kill'd no Body, I'm persuaded. How came you by these Cloaths, Sir?*Clin.* You must know, Sir, that walking along, Sir, I don't know how, Sir; I can't tell where, Sir; and—so the Porter and I chang'd Cloaths, Sir.*Const.* Very well, the Man speaks Reason, and like a Gentleman.*Wife.* But, pray Mr. Constable, ask him how he chang'd Cloaths with him.*Const.* Silence, Woman, and don't disturb the Court.—Well, Sir, how did you change Cloaths?*Clin.* Why, Sir, he pull'd off my Coat, and I drew off his; so I put on his Coat, and he put on mine.*Const.* Why Neighbours, I don't find that he's guilty: Search him; and if he carries no Arms about him, we'll let him go. [*They search his Pockets, and pull out his Pistols.*]*Clin.* O Gemini! My Jubilee Pistols.*Const.* What, a Case of Pistols? Then the Case is plain. Speak, what are you, Sir? Whence come you, and whither go you?*Clin.* Sir, I came from *Russel-street*, and am going to the Jubilee.*Wife.* You shall go to the Gallows, you Rogue.*Const.* Away with him, away with him to *Newgate* strait.*Clin.* I shall go to the Jubilee now, indeed. [*Exeunt.*]*Re-enter Wildair and Standard.**Wild.* In short, Colonel, 'tis all Nonsense; fight for a Woman! Hard by is the Lady's House; if you please, we'll wait on her together: You shall draw your Sword; I'll draw my Snuff-box: You shall produce your Wounds receiv'd in War; I'll relate mine by *Cupid's* Dart:—You shall look big; I'll ogle:—You shall swear; I'll figh:—You shall *sa sa*, and I'll *conge*: And if she flies
not

not to my Arms, like a Hawk to its Perch, my Dancing-Master deserves to be damn'd.

Stand. With the Generality of Women, I grant you, these Arts may prevail.

Wild. Generality of Women! Why there again you're out. They're all alike, Sir; I never heard of any one that was particular, but one.

Stand. Who was she pray?

Wild. *Penelope*, I think she's call'd; and that's a Poetical Story, too. When will you find a Poet in our Age make a Woman so chaste?

Stand. Well, Sir *Harry*, your facetious Humour can disguise Falshood, and make Calumny pass for Satire: But you have promis'd me ocular Demonstration that she favours you: Make that good, and I shall then maintain Faith and Female to be as inconsistent as Truth and Falshood.

Wild. Nay, by what you have told me, I am satisfy'd she imposes on us all: And *Vizard*, too, seems what I still suspected him:—But will you be convinc'd if our Plot succeeds?

Stand. I rely on your Word and Honour, Sir *Harry*; which, if I doubted, my Distrust would cancel the Obligation of their Security.

Wild. Then meet me half an Hour hence at the *Rummer*: You must oblige me, by taking a hearty Glass with me toward the fitting me out for a certain Project, which this Night I undertake.

Stand. I guess by the Preparation, that Woman's the Design.

Wild. Yes, Faith,—I am taken dangerously ill with two foolish Maladies, Modesty and Love; the first I'll cure with *Burgundy*, and my Love, by a Night's Lodging with the Damsel. A sure Remedy. *Probatum est.*

Stand. I'll certainly meet you, Sir. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Clincher Junior and Dicky.

Clin. Ah! *Dicky*, this *London* is a sad Place: a sad vicious Place: I wish that I were in the Country again: And this Brother of mine! I'm sorry he's so great a Rake: I had rather see him dead, than see him thus.

C

Dick.

Dick. Ah! Sir, he'll spend his whole Estate at this same Jubilee. Who d'ye think lives at this same Jubilee?

Clin. Who, pray?

Dick. The Pope.

Clin. The Devil he does! My Brother go to the Place where the Pope dwells! He's bewitch'd, sure.

Enter Tim Errand in Clincher Senior's Cloaths.

Dick. Indeed I believe he is, for he's strangely alter'd.

Clin. Alter'd! Why he looks like a Jesuit already.

Err. This Lace will sell. What a Blockhead was the Fellow to trust me with his Coat! If I can get cross the Garden, down to the Water-side, I'm pretty secure.

[Aside.

Clin. Brother!—Alaw! O Gemini! Are you my Brother?

Dick. I seize you in the King's Name, Sir.

Err. O Lord, shou'd this prove some Parliament-Man, now!

Clin. Speak, you Rogue, What are you?

Err. A poor Porter, Sir, and going of an Errand

Dick. What Errand? Speak, you Rogue.

Err. A Fool's Errand, I'm afraid.

Clin. Who sent you?

Err. A Beau, Sir.

Dick. No, no, the Rogue has murder'd your Brother, and stript him of his Cloaths.

Clin. Murder'd my Brother! O Crimini! O my poor Jubilee Brother!—Stay, by *Jupiter Ammon*, I'm Heir, tho': Speak, Sirrah, Have you kill'd him? Confess that you have kill'd him, and I'll give you Half a Crown.

Err. Who I, Sir? Alack-a-day, Sir, I never kill'd any Man, but a Carrier's Horse once.

Clin. Then you shall certainly be hang'd. But confess that you kill'd him, and we'll let you go.

Err. Telling the Truth hangs a Man, but confessing a Lie can do no harm; besides, if the worst comes to the worst, I can but deny it again.—Well, Sir, since I must tell you, I did kill him.

Clin.

Clin. Here's your Money, Sir,—But are you sure you kill'd him dead?

Err. Sir, I'll swear it before any Judge in *England*.

Dick. But are you sure that he's *Dead in Law*?

Err. *Dead in Law*! I can't tell whether he be *Dead in Law*: But he's as dead as a Door-Nail; for I gave him seven Knocks on the Head with a Hammer.

Dick. Then you have the Estate by the Statute. Any Man that's knock'd o'th' Head is *Dead in Law*.

Clin. But are you sure he was *Compos Mentis* when he was kill'd?

Err. I suppose he was, Sir, for he told me nothing to the contrary afterwards.

Clin. Hey!—then I go to the *Jubilee*—Strip, Sir, strip. By *Jupiter Ammon*, strip.

Dick. Ah! Don't swear, Sir.

[*Puts on his Brother's Cloaths.*]

Clin. Swear, Sir; *Zoons*, han't I got the Estate, Sir? Come, Sir, now I'm in Mourning for my Brother.

Err. I hope you'll let me go, now, Sir.——

Clin. Yes, yes, Sir, but you must first do me the Favour to swear positively before a Magistrate, that you kill'd him dead, that I may enter upon the Estate without any Trouble. By *Jupiter Ammon* all my Religion's gone, since I put on these fine Cloaths—Hey, call me Coach somebody.

Err. Ay, Master; let me go, and I'll call one immediately.

Clin. No, no, *Dicky*, carry this Spark before a Justice, and when he has made Oath, you may discharge him. And I'll go see *Angelica*. [*Exeunt Dick and Errand.*] Now that I'm an elder Brother, I'll court, and swear, and rant, and rake, and go to the *Jubilee* with the best of them. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, *Lurewell's House.*

Enter Lurewell and Parly.

Lure. Are you sure that *Vizard* had my Letter?

Parl. Yes, yes, Madam, one of your Ladyship's Footmen gave it to him in the *Park*, and he told the Bearer, with all Transports of Joy, that he would be punctual to a Minute.

Lure. Thus most Villains, some Time or other, are punctual to their Ruin; and Hypocrisy, by imposing on the World, at last deceives itself. Are all Things prepar'd for his Reception?

Parl. Exactly to your Ladyship's Order, the Alderman too is just come, dress'd and cook'd up for Iniquity.

Lure. Then he has got Woman's Cloaths on.

Parl. Yes, Madam, and has pass'd upon the Family for your Nurse.

Lure. Convey him into that Closet, and put out the Candles, and tell him, I'll wait on him presently.

[*As Parly goes to put out the Candle, somebody knocks.*]

Lure. This must be Sir Harry; tell him I'm not to be spoke with.

Par. Sir, my Lady is not to be spoke with.

Wild. I must have that from her own Mouth, Mrs. Parly.

[*Enter singing.*]

Lure. 'Tis too early for Serenading, Sir Harry.

Wild. Wheresoever Love is, there Musick is proper.

Lure. But, Sir Harry, what Tempest drives you here at this Hour?

Wild. No Tempest, Madam, but as fair Weather as ever entic'd a Citizen's Wife to cuckold her Husband in fresh Air. Love, Madam.

[*Wildair taking her by the Hand.*]

Lure. As pure and white as Angels soft Desires. Is't not so?

Wild. Fierce, as when ripe consenting Beauty fires.

Lure. If this be a Love Token, your Mistress's Favours hang very loose about you, Sir.

[*Wildair drops a Ring, she takes it up.*]

Wild.

Wild. I can't justly, Madam, pay your Trouble of taking it up by any Thing, but desiring you to wear it.

Lure. You Gentlemen have the cunningest Ways of playing the Fool. Speak seriously, am I beholden to Chance or Design for this Ring?

Wild. To Design, upon my Honour, and I hope my Design will succeed. [Aside.]

Lure. Shall I be free with you, Sir Harry?

Wild. With all my Heart, Madam, so I may be free with you.

Lure. Then plainly, Sir, I shall beg the Favour to see you some other Time, for at this very Minute I have two Lovers in the House.

Wild. Then to be as plain, I must be gone this Minute, for I must see another Mistress within these two Hours.

Lure. Frank and free.

Wild. As you with me—Madam, your most humble Servant. [Exit.]

Lure. Nothing can disturb his Humour. Now for my Merchant and Vizard. Parly, do as I bid you.

[Exit, and takes the Candle with her.]

Enter Parly, leading in Smuggler, dress'd in Woman's Cloaths.

Parl. This Way, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. Well, Mrs. Parly,—I'm oblig'd to you for this Trouble; here are a Couple of Shillings for you. Times are hard, very hard, indeed, but next Time I'll steal a Pair of Silk Stockings from my Wife, and bring them to you.

Parl. Here, Sir, get into this Closet, and my Lady will wait on you presently.

[Puts him into the Closet, runs out, and returns with Vizard.]

Viz. Where would'st thou lead me, my dear auspicious little Pilot?

Parl. You're almost in Port, Sir; my Lady's in the Closet, and will come out to you immediately.

Viz. Let me thank thee as I ought. [Kisses her.]

Parl. P'shaw: Who has hir'd me best, a Couple of Shillings, or a Couple of Kisses? [Exit.]

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Viz. Propitious Darkneſs guides the Lover's Steps; and Night, that ſhadows outward Senſe, lights up our inward Joy.

Smug. [*Peeping out of the Cloſet.*] Bleſs me! What Voice is this?

Viz. The Pleaſure of Hypocriſy, like a chain'd Lion once broke looſe, wildly indulges its new Freedom, ranging through all unbounded Joys.

Smug. My Nephew's Voice! and certainly poſſeſs'd with an Evil Spirit; he talks as profanely, as an Actor poſſeſs'd with a Poet.

Viz. Ha! I hear a Voice, Madam—my Life, my Happineſs, where are you, Madam?

Smug. Madam! He takes me for a Woman, too; I'll try him. Where have you left your Sanctity, Mr. *Vizard*?

Viz. Talk no more of that ungrateful Subject—I left it where it has only Buſineſs, with Day-light, 'tis needleſs to wear a *Maſk* in the Dark.

Smug. Well, Sir, but I ſuppoſe your Diſſimulation has ſome other Motive beſides Pleaſure.

Viz. Yes, Madam; the honeſteſt Motive in the World, Intereſt. You muſt know, Madam, that I have an old Uncle, Alderman *Smuggler*; you have ſeen him, I ſuppoſe.

Smug. Yes, yes, I have ſome ſmall Acquaintance with him.

Viz. 'Tis the moſt knaviſh, precise, covetous old Rogue, that ever died of a Gout.

Smug. Ah! the young Son of a Whore. Well, Sir, and what of him?

Viz. Hell hungers not more for wretched Souls, than he for ill-got Pelf—And yet (what's wonderful) he that would ſtick at no profitable Villainy himſelf, loves Holineſs in another—He prays all *Sunday* for the Sins of the Week paſt—He ſpends all Dinner-time in two tedious Graces, and what he deſigns a Bleſſing to the Meat, proves a Curſe to his Family—He's the moſt—

Smug. Well, well, Sir, I know him very well.

Viz. Then, Madam, he has a ſwinging Eſtate, which I deſign to purchaſe as a Saint, and ſpend like a Gentleman. He got it by Cheating, and ſhould loſe it by Deceit,

ceit, by the Pretence of my Zeal and Sobriety, I'll cozen the old Miser one of these Days out of a Settlement, and Deed of Conveyance—

Smug. It shall be a Deed to convey you to the Gallows, then, you young Dog. [*Aside.*

Viz. And no sooner he's dead, but I'll rattle over his Grave with a Coach and Six, to inform his covetous Ghost how genteely I spend his Money.

Smug. I'll prevent you, Boy; for I'll have my Money bury'd with me. [*Aside.*

Viz. Bless me, Madam, here's a Light coming this Way, I must fly immediately. When shall I see you, Madam?

Smug. Sooner than you expect, my Dear.

Viz. Pardon me, dear Madam, I wou'd not be seen for the World. I wou'd sooner forfeit my Life, nay, my Pleasure, than my Reputation. [*Exit.*

Smug. Reputation! Reputation! that poor Word suffers a great deal—Well! thou art the most accomplish'd Hypocrite that ever made a grave plodding Face over a Dish of Coffee, and a Pipe of Tobacco; he owes me for seven Years Maintenance, and shall pay me by seven Years Imprisonment: And when I die, I'll leave him to the Fee-simple of a Rope and a Shilling. [*Exit.*



ACT V.

SCENE, *Lady Darling's House.**Darling and Angelica.*

DARLING.

DAUGHTER, since you have to deal with a Man of so peculiar a Temper, you must not think the general Arts of Love can secure him; you may therefore allow such a Courtier some Encouragement extraordinary, without Reproach to your Modesty.

Angel. I am sensible, *Madam*, that a formal Nicety makes our Modesty sit awkward, and appears rather a Chain to enslave, than a Bracelet to adorn us—It shou'd shew, when unmolested, easy and innocent as a Dove; but strong and vigorous as a Faulcon, when assaulted.

Darl. I'm afraid, Daughter, you mistake Sir *Harry's* Gaiety for Dishonour.

Angel. Though Modesty, *Madam*, may wink, it must not sleep, when powerful Enemies are Abroad—I must confess, that of all Men's, I would not see Sir *Harry Wildair's* Faults.

Darl. You must certainly be mistaken, *Angelica*; for I'm satisfy'd Sir *Harry's* Designs are only to court and marry you.

Angel. His Pretence, perhaps, was such; but Women now, like Enemies, are attacked; whether by Treachery, or fairly conquer'd, the Glory of Triumph is the same—Pray, *Madam*, by what Means were you made acquainted with his Designs?

Darl. Means, Child! why my Cousin *Vizard*, who, I'm sure, is your sincere Friend, sent him. He brought me this Letter from my Cousin—

[*Gives her the Letter, which she opens.*]

Angel. Ha! *Vizard*! then I'm abus'd in Earnest—Wou'd Sir *Harry*, by his Instigation, fix a base Affront upon me? No, I can't suspect him of so ungenteele a Crime—This Letter shall trace the Truth—[*Aside.*

My

My Suspicions, *Madam*, are much clear'd, and I hope to satisfy your Ladyship in my Management, when next I see Sir Harry.

Enter Servant.

Serv. *Madam*, here's a Gentleman below calls himself *Wildair*.

Darl. Conduct him up. Daughter, I won't doubt your Discretion. [*Exit Darling.*]

Enter Wildair.

Wild. O the Delights of Love and *Burgundy*!—*Madam*, I have toasted your Ladyship in fifteen Bumpers successively, and swallow'd *Cupids* like Loches to every Glas.

Angel. And what then, Sir?

Wild. Why then, *Madam*, the Wine has got into my Head, and the *Cupids* into my Heart, and unless by quenching quick my Flame, you kindly ease the Smart, I'm a lost Man, *Madam*.

Angel. Drunkenness, Sir Harry, is the worst Pretence a Gentleman can make for Rudeness: For the Excuse is as scandalous as the Fault:—Therefore pray consider who you are so free with, Sir; and know that I can call Half a Dozen Footmen upon Occasion.

Wild. Nay, *Madam*, if you have a Mind to toss me in a Blanket, Half a Dozen Chambermaids would do better Service.—Come, come, *Madam*, though the Wine makes me lisp, yet it has taught me to speak plainer. By all the Dust of my ancient Progenitors, I must this Night quarter my Coat of Arms with yours.

Angel. Nay, then, who waits there? [*Enter Footmen.*] Take hold of that Madman, and bind him.

Wild. Nay, then, *Burgundy's* the Word, and Slaughter will ensue. Hold, do you know, Scoundrels, that I have been drinking victorious *Burgundy*? [*Draws.*]

Servants. We know you're drunk, Sir.

Wild. Then how have you the Impudence, Rascals, to assault a Gentleman with a Couple of Flasks of Courage in his Head?

Servants. Sir, we must do as our young Mistress commands us.

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Wild. Nay, then, have among you, Dogs.

[Throws Money among them: They scramble and take it up: He pelting them out, shuts the Door, and returns.

Rascals, Poltroons—I have charm'd the Dragon, and now the Fruit's my own.

Angel. O, the mercenary Wretches! This was a Plot to betray me.

Wild. I have put the whole Army to Flight: And now take the General Prisoner. *[Laying hold on her.*

Angel. I conjure you, Sir, by the sacred Name of Honour, by your dead Father's Name, and the fair Reputation of your Mother's Chastity, that you offer not the least Offence.—Already you've wrong'd me past Redress.

Wild. Thou art the most unaccountable Creature.

Angel. What Madness, Sir *Harry*, what wild Dream of loose Desire, could prompt you to attempt this Baseness? View me well.—The Brightness of my Mind, methinks, should lighten outwards, and let you see your Mistake in my Behaviour.

Wild. *[mimicking.]* *Tal ti dum, ti dum, tal ti didi, didum.* A Million to One now, but this Girl is just come flush from reading the *Rival Queens*—I'gad, I'll at her in her own Cant—O my *Statira*, O my angry Dear, turn thy Eyes on me; Behold thy Beau in Buskins.

Angel. Behold me, Sir; View me with a sober Thought, free from those Fumes of Wine that throw a Mist before your Sight, and you shall find, that every Glance from my reproaching Eyes is armed with sharp Resentment, and with a virtuous Pride that looks Dishonour dead.

Wild. This is the first Whore in *Heroicks* that I have met with. *[Aside.]* Look ye, Madam, as to that slender Particular of your Virtue, we shan't quarrel about it; you may be as virtuous as any Woman in *England*, if you please; you may say your Prayers all the Time—But pray, Madam, be pleas'd to consider what is this same Virtue that you make such a mighty Noise about? Can your Virtue keep you a Coach and Six? No, no; Your virtuous Women walk a-foot—Can your Virtue
flake

stake for you at Piquet ? No. Then what Business has a Woman with Virtue—Come, come, Madam, I offer'd you fifty Guineas—There's a hundred—The Devil ! Virtuous still ! Why, 'tis a hundred, five Score, a hundred Guineas.

Angel. O Indignation ! Were I a Man you durst not use me thus ; but the mean, poor Abuse you throw on me, reflects upon yourself : Our Sex still strikes an Awe upon the Brave, and only Cowards dare affront a Woman.

Wild. Affront ! 'Sdeath, Madam, a hundred Guineas will set you up at Bassett ; a hundred Guineas will furnish out your Lodgings with China ; a hundred Guineas will give you an Air of Quality ; a hundred Guineas will buy you a rich Escrutoire for your Billet-doux. A hundred Guineas will buy a hundred fine Things, and fine Things are for fine Ladies ; and fine Ladies are for fine Gentlemen ; and fine Gentlemen are—I'gad this *Burgundy* makes a Man speak like an Angel—Come, come, Madam, take it, and put it to what Use you please.

Angel. I'll use it, as I would the base unworthy Giver, thus. [*Throws down the Purse, and stamps upon it.*]

Wild. I have no Mind to meddle in State Affairs ; but these Women will make me a Parliament-Man, spight of my Teeth, on Purpose to bring in a Bill against their Extortion. She tramples under Foot that Deity which all the World adores.—O the blooming Pride of beautiful Eighteen ! P'shaw, I'll talk to her no longer, I'll make my Market with the old Gentlewoman, she knows Business better.—[*Goes to the Door.* Here you, Friend, pray desire the old Lady to walk in.—Harkee, by Gad, Madam, I'll tell your Mother.

Enter Darling.

Darl. Well, Sir Harry, and how d'ye like my Daughter, pray ?

Wild. Like her, Madam !—Harkee, will you take it ? Why, Faith, Madam !—Take the Money, I say, or I'gad, all's out.

Angel. All shall out ; Sir, you're a Scandal to the Name of a Gentleman.

Wild. With all my Heart, Madam—In short, Madam, your Daughter has us'd me somewhat too familiarly, tho' I have treated her like a Woman of Quality.

Darl. How, Sir?

Wild. Why, Madam, I have offer'd her a hundred Guineas.

Darl. A hundred Guineas! Upon what Score?

Wild. Upon what Score! Lord, Lord, how these old Women love to hear Baudy! Why Faith, Madam, I have ne'er a double Entendre ready at present; but I suppose you know upon what Score.

Darl. Sir, I don't understand you.

Wild. Ay, she will have it in plain Terms; then, Madam, in downright *English*, I offer'd your Daughter a hundred Guineas to——

Angel. Hold, Sir, stop your abusive Tongue, too loose for modest Ears to bear. Madam, I did before suspect that his Designs were base, now they're too plain; this Knight, this mighty Man of Wit and Humour, is made a Tool to a Knave; *Vizard* has sent him of a Bully's Errand, to affront a Woman; but I scorn the Abuse, and him that offer'd it.

Darl. How, Sir, come to affront us! D'ye know who we are, Sir?

Wild. Know who you are! Why your Daughter there is Mr. *Vizard*'s Cousin, I suppose;—and for you, Madam—now to call her Procureess, *a la mode France*.

[*Aside.*] *J'estime votre Occupation.*——

Darl. Pray, Sir, speak *English*.

Wild. Then to define her Office, *a la mode Londres*!

[*Aside.*] I suppose your Ladyship to be one of those civil, obliging, discreet old Gentlewomen, who keep their Visiting Days for the Entertainment of their presenting Friends, whom they treat with Imperial Tea, a private Room, and a Pack of Cards. Now I suppose you understand me.

Darl. This is beyond Sufferance; but say, thou abusive Man, what Injury have you e'er receiv'd from me, or mine, thus to engage you in this scandalous Aspersion?

Angel.

Angel. Yes, Sir, what Cause, what Motives could induce you thus to debase yourself below your Rank?

Wild. Heyday! Now dear *Roxana*, and you my fair *Statira*, be not so very heroick in your Styles. *Vizard's* Letter may resolve you, and answer all the impertinent Questions you have made me.

Both Women. We appeal to that.

Wild. And I'll stand to't; he read it to me, and the Contents were pretty plain I thought.

Angel. Here, Sir, peruse it, and see how much we are injur'd, and you deceiv'd.

Wild. [Opening the Letter.] But hold, Madam, [to *Darling*,] before I read, I'll make some Conditions—Mr. *Vizard* says here, that I won't scruple thirty or forty Pieces: Now, Madam, if you have clapt in another Cypher to the Account, and made it three or four Hundred, by Gad, I will not stand to't.

Darl. The Letter, Sir, shall answer you.

Wild. Well then! [Reads.]

Out of the earnest Inclination to serve your Ladyship, and my Cousin Angelica—Ay, ay, the very Words. I can say it by Heart—I have sent Sir Harry Wildair—to court my Cousin—What the Devil's this? Sent Sir Harry Wildair to court my Cousin—he read to me a quite different Thing—He's a Gentleman of great Parts and Fortune—He's a Son of a Whore and a Rascal—and wou'd make your Daughter very happy, [Whistles] in a Husband. [Looks foolish, and hums a Song.] Oh poor Sir Harry, what have thy angry Stars design'd?

Angel. Now, Sir, I hope you need no Instigation to redress our Wrongs, since even the Injury points the Way.

Darl. Think, Sir, that our Blood for many Generations, has run in the purest Channel of unsully'd Honour.

Wild. Ay, Madam.

[Bows to her.]

Angel. Consider, what a tender Blossom is Female Reputation, which the least Air of foul Detraction blasts.

Wild.

62 *The* CONSTANT COUPLE: Or,

Wild. Yes, Madam. [Bows to *Other*.]

Darl. Call then to mind your rude and scandalous Behaviour.

Wild. Right, Madam. [Bows again.]

Angel. Remember the base Price you offer'd me. [Exit.]

Wild. Very true, Madam. Was ever Man so catechiz'd?

Darl. Then think that *Vizard*, Villain *Vizard*, caus'd all this, yet lives; that's all, farewell. [Going.]

Wild. Stay, Madam, [to *Darling*] one Word; is there no other Way to redress your Wrongs, but by fighting?

Darl. Only one, Sir; which if you can think of, you may do: You know the Business I entertain'd you for.

Wild. I understand you, Madam. [Exit *Darling*.] Here am I brought to a very pretty Dilemma; I must commit Murder, or commit Matrimony. Which is best now? A Licence from *Doctors Commons*, or a Sentence from the *Old Bailey*? If I kill my Man, the Law hangs me; if I marry my Woman, I shall hang myself;—But, Damn it—Cowards dare fight, I'll marry, that's the most daring Action of the two, so my dear Cousin *Angelica*, have at you. [Exit.]

SCENE, *Newgate*.

Clincher sen. solus. How severe and melancholy are *Newgate* Reflections? Last Week my Father died: Yesterday I turn'd Beau: To-day I am laid by the Heels, and To-morrow shall be hung by the Neck—I was agreeing with a Bookseller about Printing an Account of my Journey through *France* to *Italy*; but now the History of my Travels through *Holborn* to *Tyburn*—The last Dying Speech of Beau *Clincher*, that was going to the Jubilee—Come, a Halfpenny a-piece. A sad Sound, a sad Sound, 'Faith. 'Tis one Way to have a Man's Death make a great Noise in the World.

Enter *Tim Errand*.

A Reprieve, a Reprieve, thou dear, dear — Rogue, where have you been? Thou art the most welcome—Son of a Whore, Where's my Cloaths?

Err. Sir, I see where mine are: Sir, strip, Sir, strip. [Excunt struggling.]

The SCENE changes to Lady Darling's House.

Enter Wildair with Letters; Servants following.

Wild. Here, fly all around, and bear these as directed; you to *Westminster*,—you to *St. James's*,—and you into the City—Tell all my Friends a Bridegroom's Joy invites their Presence: Look all of ye like Bridegrooms also: All appear with hospitable Looks, and bear a Welcome in your Faces.—Tell 'em I'm married. If any ask to whom, make no Reply; but tell 'em that I'm married, that Joy shall crown the Day, and Love the Night. Be gone, fly.

Enter Standard.

A thousand Welcomes, Friend: My Pleasure's now compleat, since I can share it with my Friend: Brisk Joy shall bound from me to you: Then back again; and, like the Sun, grow warmer by Reflexion.

Stand. You're always pleasant, Sir *Harry*, but this transcends yourself; Whence proceeds it?

Wild. Can'st thou not guess? My Friend—Whence flows all earthly Joy? What is the Life of Man, and Soul of Pleasure?—*Woman*—What fires the Heart with Transport, and the Soul with Raptures? *Lowely Woman*.—Methinks, my Friend, you relish not my Joy. What is the Cause?

Stand. Can'st thou not guess?—What is the Bane of Man, and Scourge of Life, but *Woman*, treacherous *Woman*?—*Woman*, whose Composition inverts Humanity; their Bodies are heavenly, but their Souls are Clay.

Wild. Come, come, Colonel, this is too much: I know your Wrongs receiv'd from *Lurewell*, may excuse your Resentment against her: But 'tis unpardonable to charge the Failings of a single Woman upon the whole Sex.—I have found one whose Virtues—

Stand. So have I, Sir *Harry*; I have found one whose Pride's above yielding to a Prince: And if Lying, Dissembling, Perjury and Falshood, be no Breaches

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Breaches in Woman's Honour, she's as innocent as Infancy.

Wild. Well, Colonel, I find your Opinion grows stronger by Opposition, I shall now therefore wave the Argument, and only beg you for this Day to make a Shew of Complaisance, at least — Here comes my charming Bride.

Enter Darling and Angelica.

Stand. [Saluting Angelica.] I with you, Madam, all the Joys of Love and Fortune.

Enter Clincher, junior.

Clin. Gentlemen and Ladies, I'm just upon the Spur, and have only a Minute to take my Leave.

Wild. Whither are you bound, Sir?

Clin. Bound, Sir! I'm going to the Jubilee, Sir.

Darl. Bless me, Cousin! How came you by these Cloaths?

Clin. Cloaths! Ha, ha, ha! the rarest Jest! Ha, ha, ha! I shall burst, by *Jupiter Ammon*, I shall burst.

Darl. What's the Matter, Cousin?

Clin. The Matter! Ha, ha, ha! Why, an honest Porter, Ha, ha, ha! has knock'd out my Brother's Brains, Ha, ha, ha!

Wild. A very good Jest, i'faith, Ha, ha, ha!

Clin. Ay, Sir, but the best Jest of all, is, he knock'd out his Brains with a Hammer, and so is as dead as a Door-Nail, Ha, ha, ha!

Darl. And do you laugh, Wretch?

Clin. Laugh! Ha, ha, ha! Let me see e'er a younger Brother in *England* that won't laugh at such a Jest.

Angel. You appear'd a very sober pious Gentleman some Hours ago.

Clin. P'shaw, I was a Fool then: But now, *Madam*, I'm a Wit: I can rake now.—As for your Part, *Madam*, you might have had me once:—but now, *Madam*, if you should by chance fall to eating Chalk, or gnawing the Sheets, 'tis none of my Fault.—Now, *Madam*—I have got an Estate, I must go to the Jubilee.

Enter

Enter Clincher senior, in a Blanket.

Clin. sen. Must you so, Rogue, must you? — You will go to the *Jubilee*, will you?

Clin. jun. A Ghost! a Ghost! —

Clin. sen. A Ghost! No, no, Sirrah, I'm an Elder Brother; Rogue.

Clin. jun. I don't care a Farthing for that; I'm sure you're dead in Law.

Clin. sen. Why so, Sirrah, why so?

Clin. jun. Because, Sir, I can get a Fellow to swear he knock'd out your Brains.

Wild. An odd Way of swearing a Man out of his Life.

Clin. jun. In short, Sir, were you Ghost, or Brother, or Devil, I will go to the *Jubilee*, by *Jupiter Ammon*.

Stand. Go to the *Jubilee*! go to the *Bear-Garden* — Get ye to your native Plough and Cart, converse with Animals like yourselves, Sheep and Oxen; Men are Creatures you don't understand.

Wild. Let 'em alone, Colonel, their Folly will be now diverting. Come, Gentlemen, we'll dispute this Point some other Time. [*A Servant whispers Wildair.*] Madam, shall I beg you to entertain the Company in the next Room for a Moment? — [*To Darling.*

Darl. With all my Heart — Come, Gentlemen.

[*Ex. Omnes but Wild.*

Wild. A Lady to enquire for me? Who can this be?

Enter Lurewell.

O, Madam, this Favour is beyond my Expectation, to come uninvited to dance at my Wedding — What d'ye gaze at, Madam?

Lure. A Monster — If thou'rt marry'd, thou'rt the most perjur'd Wretch that e'er avouch'd Deceit.

Wild. Heydey! Why, Madam, I'm sure I never swore to marry you! I made, indeed, a slight Promise, upon Condition of your granting me a small Favour, but you would not consent, you know.

Lure.

Lure. How he upbraids me with my Shame—Can you deny your binding Vows when this appears a Witness 'gainst your Falshood. [*Shewing a Ring.*] Methinks the *Motto* of this Sacred Pledge should flash Confusion in your guilty Face——Read, read here the binding Words of *Love and Honour*; Words not unknown to your perfidious Eyes——tho' utter Strangers to your treacherous Heart.

Wild. The Woman's stark staring mad, that's certain.

Lure. Was it maliciously design'd to let me find my Misery when past Redress; to let me know you, only to know you false—Had not cursed Chance shew'd me the surprizing *Motto*, I had been happy—The first Knowledge I had of you was fatal to me, and this second worse.

Wild. What the Devil's all this! *Madam*, I'm not at Leisure for Raillery at present; I have weighty Affairs upon my Hands; the Business of Pleasure; *Madam*, any other Time—

Lure. Stay, I conjure you, stay.

Wild. Faith, I can't, my Bride expects me; but, harkee, when the *Honey-Moon* is over, about a Month or two hence, I may do you a small Favour. [*Exit.*]

Lure. Grant me some wild Expressions, Heavens, or I shall burst—Woman's Weakness, Man's Falshood, my own Shame, and Love's Disdain, at once swell up my Breast—Words, Words, or I shall burst. [*Going.*]

Enter Standard.

Stand. Stay, *Madam*, you need not shun my Sight; for if you are perfect Woman, you have Confidence to outface a Crime, and bear the Charge of Guilt without a Blush.

Lure. The Charge of Guilt! What making a Fool of you! I've don't, and glory in the Act; the Height of Female Justice were to make you all hang or drown; dissembling to the Prejudice of Men is Virtue; and every Look, or Sign, or Smile, or Tear, that can deceive, is meritorious.

Stand. Very pretty Principles, truly—If there be Truth in Woman, 'tis now in thee—Come, *Madam*,
you

you know that you're discover'd. That Ring, *Madam*, proclaims you guilty.

Lure. O Monster, Villain, perfidious Villain ! Has he told you ?

Stand. I'll tell it you, and loudly too.

Lure. O ! name it not—Yes, speak it out, 'tis so just a Punishment for putting Faith in Man, that I will bear it all ; and let credulous Maids that trust their Honour to the Tongues of Men, thus hear their Shame proclaim'd—Speak now, what his busy Scandal, and your improving Malice both dare utter.

Stand. Your Falshood can't be reach'd by Malice, nor by Satire ; your Actions are the justest Libel on your Fame—Your Words, your Looks, your Tears, I did believe in spight of common Fame. Nay, 'gainst my own Eyes, I still maintain'd your Truth. I imagin'd *Wildair's* boasting of your Favours, to be the pure Result of his own Vanity : At last he urg'd your taking Presents of him, as a convincing Proof of which, you Yesterday, from him received that Ring—which Ring, that I might be sure he gave it, I lent him for that Purpose.

Lure. Ha ! you lent him for that Purpose ?

Stand. Yes, yes, *Madam*, I lent him for that Purpose—no denying it—I know it well, for I have worn it long, and desire you now, *Madam*, to restore it to the just Owner.

Lure. The just Owner ! think, Sir, think but of what Importance 'tis to own it ; if you have *Love* and *Honour* in your Soul, 'tis then most justly yours ; if not, you are a Robber, and have stol'n it basely.

Stand. Ha !—your Words, like meeting Flints, have struck a Light to shew me something strange—But tell me instantly, is not your real Name *Manly* ?

Lure. Answer me first, did not you receive this Ring about twelve Years ago ?

Stand. I did.

Lure. And were not you about that Time entertain'd two Nights at the House of Sir *Oli-ver Manly* in *Oxford-shire* ?

Stand. I was, I was. [*Runs to her, and embraces her.*]
The blest Remembrance fires my Soul with Transport—
I know

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I know the rest—you are the charming She, and I the happy Man.

Lure. How has blind Fortune stumbled on the right!—But where have you wander'd since? 'Twas cruel to forsake me.

Stand. The Particulars of my Fortune were too tedious now; but to discharge myself from the Stain of Dishonour, I must tell you, that immediately upon my Return to the University, my elder Brother and I quarrell'd; my Father, to prevent further Mischief, posts me away to travel; I wrote to you from *London*, but fear the Letter came not to your Hands.

Lure. I never had the least Account of you by Letter, or otherwise.

Stand. Three Years I liv'd Abroad, and, at my Return, found you were gone out of the Kingdom, tho' none cou'd tell me whither; missing you thus, I went to *Flanders*, serv'd my King 'till the Peace commenc'd; then fortunately going on Board at *Amsterdam*, one Ship transported us both to *England*. At the first Sight I lov'd, tho' ignorant of the hidden Cause—You may remember, Madam, that talking once of Marriage, I told you I was engaged; to your dear self I meant.

Lure. Then Men are still most generous and brave—And to reward your Truth, an Estate of three thousand Pounds a Year waits your Acceptance; and if I can satisfy you in my past Conduct, and the Reasons that engaged me to deceive all Men, I shall expect the honourable Performance of your Promise, and that you wou'd stay with me in *England*.

Stand. Stay! Not Fame, nor Glory, e'er shall part us more. My Honour can be no where more concern'd than here.

Enter Wildair, Angelica, and both Clinchers.

O Sir Harry, Fortune has acted Miracles; the Story's strange and tedious, but all amounts to this; that Woman's Mind is charming as her Person, I am made a Convert too to Beauty.

Wild. I wanted only this to make my Pleasure perfect.

Enter.

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. So, Gentlemen and Ladies, is my gracious Nephew *Vizard* among ye?

Wild. Sir, he dares not shew his Face among such honourable Company; for your gracious Nephew is —

Smug. What, Sir? Have a care what you say.

Wild. A Villain, Sir.

Smug. With all my Heart—I'll pardon you the beating me for that very Word. And pray, Sir *Harry*, when you see him next, tell him this News from me, that I have dishonoured him; that I will leave him as poor as a disbanded Quarter-Master. And this is the positive and stiff Resolution of Threescore and Ten!—O, Sir *Harry*, he's as hypocritical——

Lure. As yourself, Mr. Alderman: How fares my good old Nurse, pray, Sir?

Smug. O, Madam, I shall be even with you before I part with your Writings and Money, that I have in my Hands.

Stand. A Word with you, Mr. Alderman. Do you know this Pocket-Book?

Smug. O Lord, it contains an Account of my secret Practices in Trading. [*Aside.*] How came you by it, Sir?

Stand. Sir *Harry* here dusted it out of your Pocket at this Lady's House Yesterday: It contains an Account of some secret Practices in your merchandizing; among the rest, the Counter-part of an Agreement with a Correspondent at *Bourdeaux*, about transporting *French* Wine in *Spanish* Casks. First return this Lady all her Writings, then I shall consider whether I shall lay your Proceedings before the Parliament, or not, whose Justice will never suffer your Smuggling to go unpunished.

Smug. O my poor Ship and Cargo.

Angel. Come, Mr. Alderman, for once let a Woman advise——Wou'd you be thought a Reformer of the Times, be less severe in your Censures, less rigid in your Precepts, and more strict in your Example.

Wild.

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Wild. Right, Madam, Virtue flows freer from Imitation than Compulsion; of which, Colonel, your Conversion and mine are just Examples.

*In vain are musty Morals taught in Schools,
By rigid Teachers, and as rigid Rules;
Where Virtue, with a frowning Aspect, stands
And frights the Pupils from its rough Commands.*

But Woman ———

*Charming Woman, can true Converts make,
We love the Precepts for the Teacher's sake.
Virtue in them appears so bright, so gay,
We hear with Transport, and with Pride obey.*



EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

NOW all depart, each his respective Way,
 To spend an Evening's Chat upon the Play;
 Some to Hippolito's; one homeward goes,
 And one, with loving she, retires to th' Rose:
 The Am'rous Pair, to all Things frank and free,
 Perhaps may save the Play in Number Three.
 The tearing Spark, if Phillis ought gainsays,
 Breaks th' Drawer's Head, kicks her, and murders Bays:
 To Coffee some retreat to save their Pockets,
 Others, more gen'rous, damn the Play at Locket's.
 But there, I hope, the Author's Fears are vain;
 Malice ne'er sports in generous Champaign.
 That Poet merits an ignoble Death,
 Who fears to fall over a brave Monteth.
 The Privilege of Wine we only ask,
 You'll taste again before you damn the Flask.
 Our Author fears not you; but those he may,
 Who, in cold Blood, murder a Man in Tea.
 Those Men of Spleen, who, fond the World should know it,
 Sit down, and, for their Two-pence, damn a Poet.
 Their Criticisms good, that we can say for't;
 They understand a Play—too well to pay for't.
 From Box to Stage, from Stage to Box they run,
 First steal the Play, then damn it when they've done.
 But now to know what Fate may us betide,
 Among our Friends in Cornhill and Cheapside:
 But those I think have but one Rule for Plays;
 They'll say they're good if so the World says,
 If it should please them, and their Spouses know it,
 They straight enquire what kind of Man's the Poet.
 But from Side Box we dread a fearful Doom,
 All the good natur'd Beaux are gone to Rome.

The

*The Ladies censure I'd almost forgot,
 Then for a Line or two t'engage their Vote;
 But that Way's old, below our Author's Aim,
 No less than his whole Play is Complement to them.
 For their Sakes, then, the Play can't miss Succeeding,
 Tho' Criticks may want Wit, they have good Breeding.
 They won't, I'm sure, forfeit the Ladies Graces,
 By shewing their Ill-nature to their Faces.
 Our Business with good Manners may be done,
 Flatter us here, and damn us when you're gone.*

F I N I S.

